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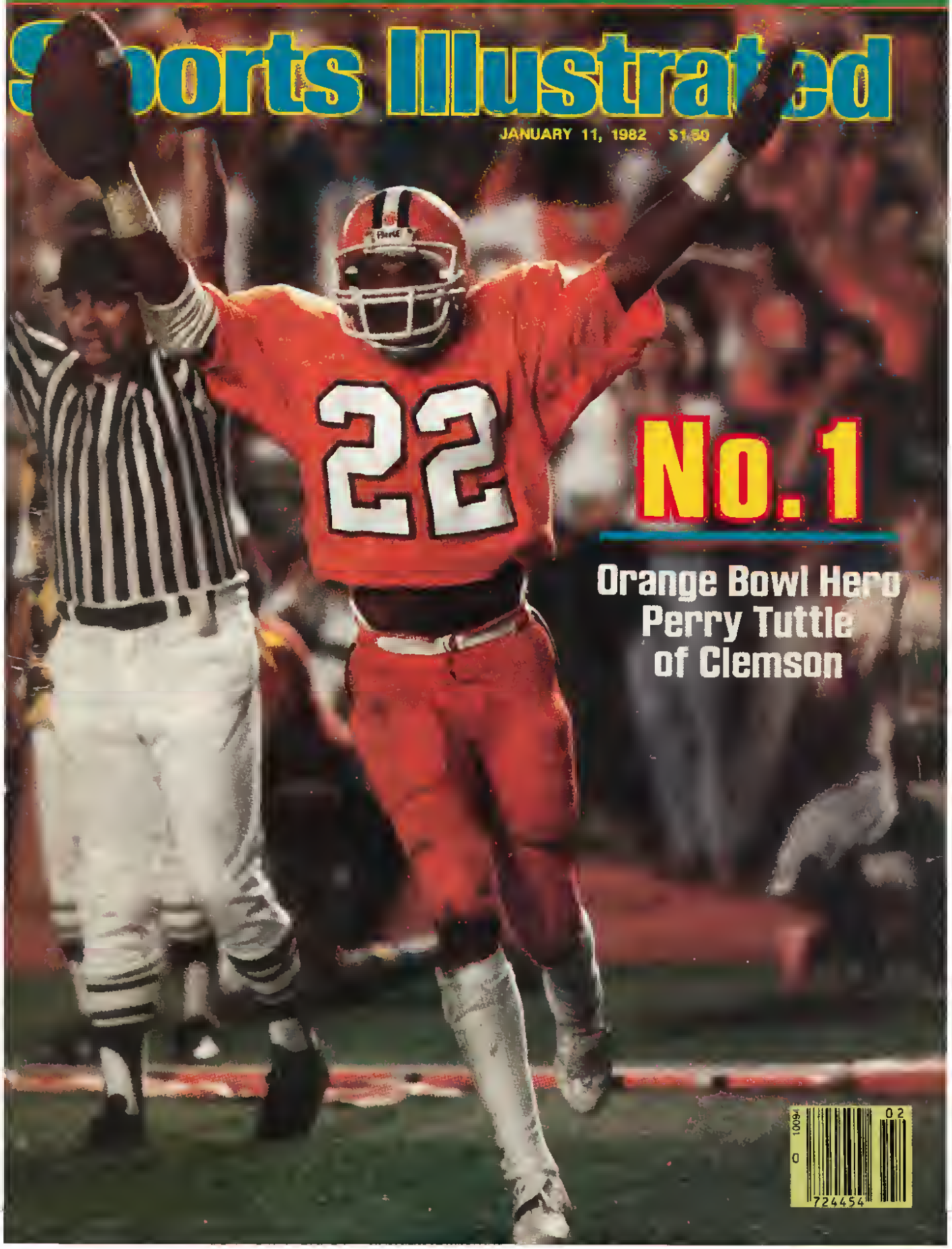

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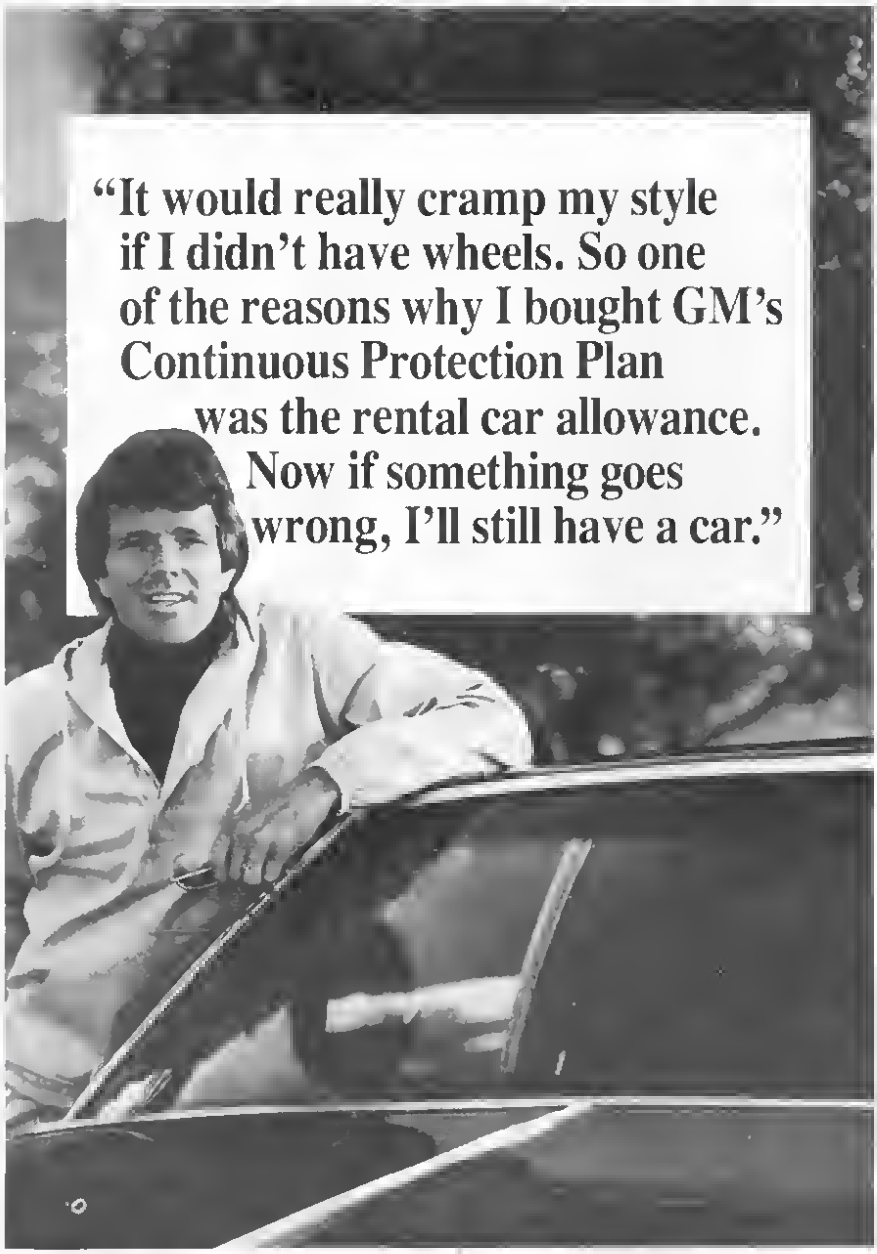

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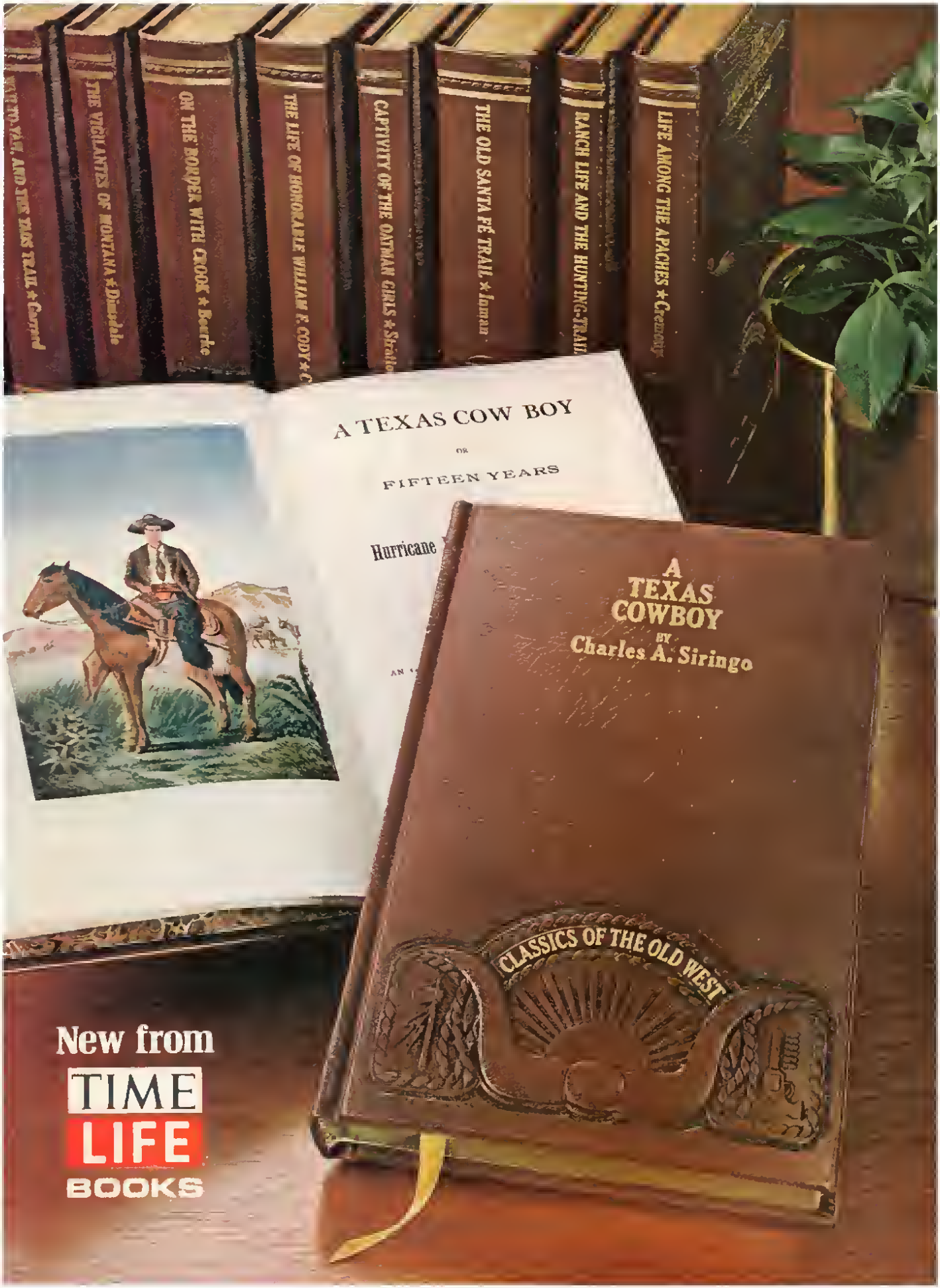
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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

FALCON FEVER

Should you wish to ingratiate yourself with a Middle Eastern potentate, give him a falcon, the rarer the better. That's what Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau of Canada did last year. While on a tour of Saudi Arabia, Trudeau presented King Khalid with a gyrfalcon from a breeding station in Alberta.

Now the arctic Inuit of Canada's Northwest Territories are preparing to take advantage of this fervor for falcons. Under an unpublicized agreement signed recently by the Canadian federal and territorial governments, the Inuit are exclusively empowered to harvest gyrfalcons for sale to Arab handlers for whatever the traffic in falcons will bear, which in the Middle East is a lot. Reportedly a gyrfalcon can bring $10,000 to the Inuit and $50,000 or more to the handlers who sell them abroad.

The gyr is a magnificent creature with a four-foot wingspan. It was for eight years listed as an endangered species, a status that entitled it to federal protection, but last March it was downgraded to "threatened."

Fact is, no one knows whether the gyrfalcon is endangered, threatened or thriving because no one knows how many there are. "The only numbers we have are sightings by wildlife service officers monitoring peregrines [an endangered species of falcon]," said Ron Raf, a biologist from the Northwest Territories.

Under the agreement the Inuit were allowed to take 50 birds (they had requested 400) in 1981, but the limit was an arbitrary one, set by officials without knowledge of the condition of the species. Fortunately for the falcons, the agreement was signed late enough in the fall that by the time the hunters were ready, the chicks had fledged (left the nest), and none was captured.

One critic of the agreement, Ken Brynaert, executive vice-president of the Canadian Wildlife Federation, believes it was a political offering to the Inuit in exchange for other considerations, such as gas and oil rights on lands in Inuit territory. "This is not a cultural or traditional thing for the native people," Brynaert told David Miller of *The Toronto Star*. "It's a straight entrepreneurial operation. The Inuit are in it for the big bucks. . . ."

Though the agreement is still intact, the Inuit's 1981 permit has now expired, and before a 1982 harvest can begin, a new permit must be issued. The Northwest Territories Wildlife Service has hired a falcon biologist who will attempt to inventory the gyrfalcons, and with luck his count will be complete before the new limit is set. If a census reveals that the gyrfalcon is in danger of extinction and human predation is a threat to the species, then an aroused public will be required to undo the work of the politicians before irreversible damage is done.

HARD TIMES

Perpetuating a custom as old as politics and publicity, the mayors of New York and San Francisco had a bet on the outcome of Sunday's playoff game between the Giants and the 49ers at Candlestick Park. Their stakes, however, were a sign of the financial times. Ed Koch of New York came up with two medallions that once hung on his city's crumbling West Side highway. Dianne Feinstein of San Francisco commandeered a surplus cable car bell.

OMAR THE MAGNIFICENT

Question: Which of these television prognosticators had the best record for picking NFL winners at the end of the regular season—Tom Landry or Frank Glieber of KXAS in Ft. Worth, Nick Buoniconti of HBO, Pete Axthelm of NBC or Omar Guerra of KGBT-TV in Harlingen, Texas?

Answer: Guerra, who was right 59% of the time, having picked 133 winners in 224 games.

Guerra is a rabid Cowboy fan who attended the second pro game of his entire life just last week, his entire life to date being seven years. For his services to KGBT-TV, which include a pick and a comment for each game ("They [Cowboys] have too many offensive weapons"), Guerra receives $12.50 a week, but he's not complaining. His paycheck makes him the best-compensated second-grader in Harlingen.

TECHNICALLY FOUL

Not many fans traveled all the way from Indiana to California to root for the University of Evansville when the Purple Aces played Pepperdine in the Malibu Classic basketball tournament the week before Christmas. And that may explain why Larry Calton, who calls the Aces' games for WROZ radio in Evansville, felt obliged to fill the void singlehanded-

ly. Or maybe Calton had legitimate gripes against the timer, the scorer, the Pepperdine coach, the Pepperdine sports information director and just about everyone else in Pepperdine's Firestone Fieldhouse that night. "I never heard such language at a press table," said Tim Wilhelm, Pepperdine's associate athletic director.

Not until only 2:51 remained in the game, however, did Calton become a footnote to college basketball history. At that point the Pepperdine center clobbered an Evansville player, and though the center fouled out, the Evansville bench continued to decry the crime. So the bench was handed a technical. Then Calton, who witnesses say had been

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heckling the officials all night, joined in the fun, and Referee Al Hackney handed him one too, saying as he did, "And that'll be a T on the radio!"

Evansville won the game nevertheless, 77–69, but thanks to Calton, the definition of a bench technical may have to be expanded. Or maybe a new kind of T should be created. How does technological technical sound?

COLD COMFORT

A strike threatened by the NHL Officials Association, which was outraged by an insignificant penalty imposed on Paul Holmgren of the Flyers when he punched a referee in the chest (SCORECARD, Dec. 28-Jan. 4), appears to have been averted. The officials were mollified, at least temporarily, when NHL President John Ziegler agreed to 1) increase the severity of penalties for a player who strikes a referee and 2) appoint a panel (what else?) to study the rules and procedures on physical abuse of officials. Given the NHL's long history of resistance to reform, however, the officials might be well advised not to pack up their picket signs quite yet.

THE 108-POINT NOBODY

They say you can prove anything with statistics, and in the case of North Carolina Running Back Kelvin Bryant, official NCAA figures would appear to show that he didn't exist in 1981. NCAA rules specify that to qualify as a season statistical leader a football player must appear in at least 75% of his team's regular-season games; for the Tar Heels, who played an 11-game schedule, that meant a minimum of eight games. Because of knee surgery, Bryant played in only seven games, but he made the most of his limited participation, to put it mildly, scoring 108 points. The NCAA determines scoring leaders on a per-game basis, and it awarded the scoring title to USC's Marcus Allen, who averaged 12.5 points a game. Because he played too few games, Bryant, with a 15.4 average, didn't qualify to be the scoring champion, which may be fair enough. But Bryant also was excluded from the list of 25 top scorers even though—surely there's an injustice here—he ranked fifth in *total* points behind Allen (*138 points*), Georgia's Herschel Walker (120), SMU's Eric Dickerson (114) and McNeese State's Buford Johnson (110). Absurdly, Iowa State's Dwayne Crutchfield, who scored just 104 points, is listed in fifth place, while Bryant and his 108 points are nowhere to be seen.

Try telling the seven teams Bryant played against that he didn't exist.

HIT OR MYTH

On Dec. 26, ESPN, the cable sports network, tried something new. It set out to telecast all nine opening-day races from Santa Anita. Nice idea, right? That's what the people at ESPN thought, until they began getting phone calls from an assortment of individuals and publications, all insisting that it's illegal to air more than two races on one broadcast—that two races are news but a full card is disseminating gambling information.

Since the broadcast, which was finally cut to eight races for lack of time, ESPN's lawyers, who had already conducted two searches for legal impediments, have instituted yet another. Nevertheless, they have come to the conclusion that no such regulation exists. "There's a lot of folklore and myth connected with horse racing," says Eric Kemmler, assistant general counsel for ESPN. "It's a different subculture. This myth of only being allowed to broadcast two races a day, we can't find it anywhere."

The only reference to the matter that Kemmler could find, he says, was an FCC report that stated that the regulatory body would consider the broadcasting of horse racing on a case by case basis if there were complaints about it.

ESPN intends to telecast more racing eventually, although it has no specific plans so far. "We think it's a nice, distinct feature," says Kemmler. Meanwhile the scuttlebutt from Las Vegas is that the bookies concur. On Dec. 26 their business was up 50% and more.

CHALLENGING A CHALLENGE

In a letter published in SI's 19TH HOLE on Nov. 23, Jim Miller, the NFL Management Council's director of information, complained that an earlier letter (SI, Nov. 9) from an official of the NFL Players Association had greatly overstated profits earned by the league's 28 teams. Charging that the union official's estimates were "grossly incorrect" and based on "nebulous" sources, Miller's letter said that according to a league-commissioned audit, NFL clubs had turned an average profit of $836,000 in 1979 and that, by the best available estimate, profits had declined to barely $400,000 per team in 1980.

Shortly after Miller's letter was published, NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, testifying before a congressional subcommittee, cited the same audit in asserting that NFL teams had averaged a $1.75 million profit in 1979 and an estimated $1.4 million in '80.

Asked about the discrepancies, Miller replied that ticket receipts in 1980 had averaged $300,000 more per team than had been realized when he wrote his letter. Beyond that, Miller said, his figures had reflected profits after taxes while Rozelle's were pre-tax figures. "We haven't resolved whether we should use pre-tax or after-tax figures," Miller said. "We should be more consistent."

Left unexplained in Miller's explanation, however, was the fact that his letter had used 1978 "pre-tax profit" figures for purposes of comparison with the 1979 and 1980 profits, leaving readers to infer that the latter two were also pre-tax figures.

"I plead guilty," Miller says. "In that instance, I wasn't being consistent."

THEY SAID IT

• Joe DeLamielleure, NFL offensive guard known as a "blue collar" player because he was born in Detroit and has worked for the Buffalo Bills and the Cleveland Browns: "My only fear is that they'll put a franchise in Gary, Indiana."

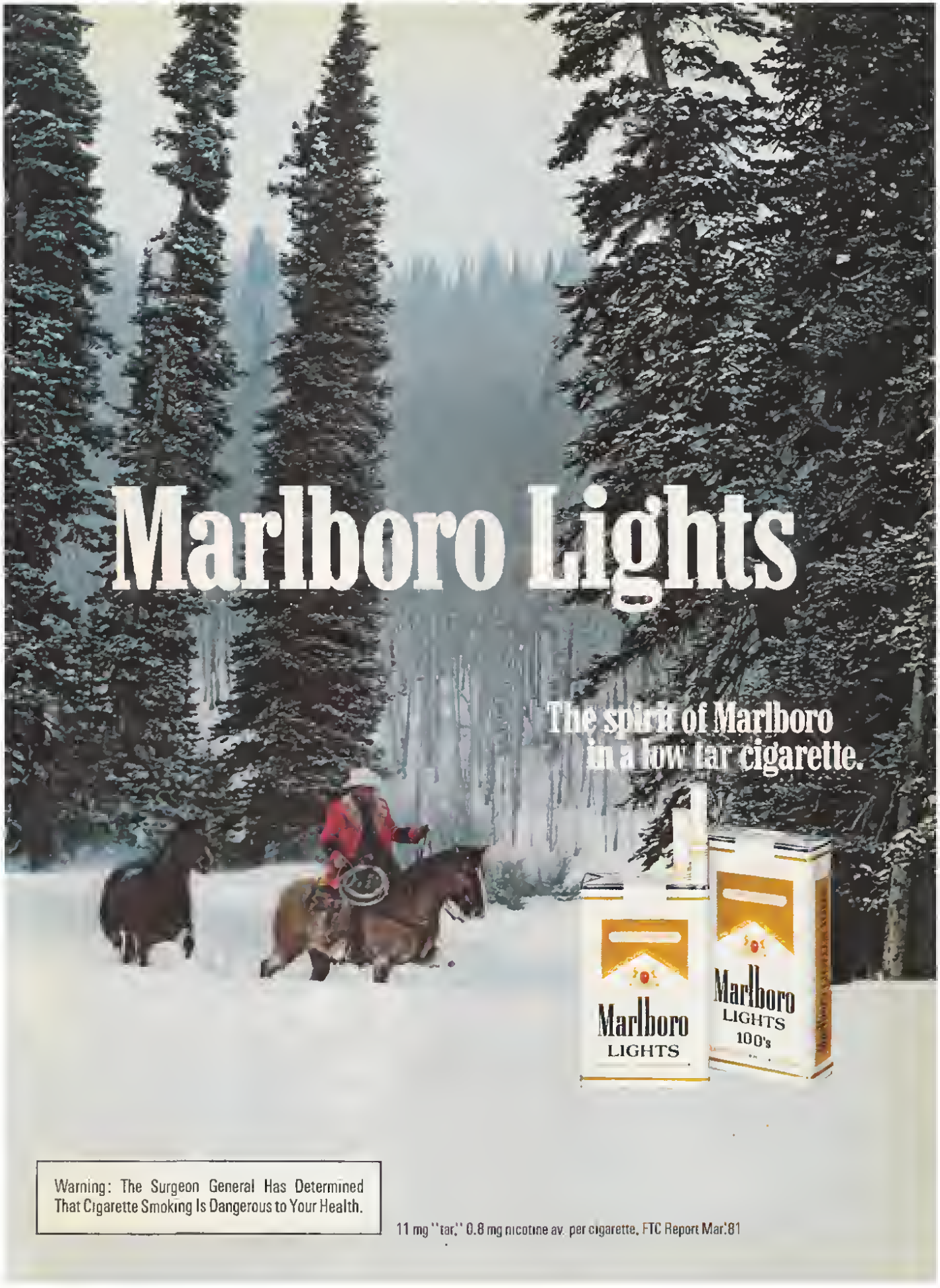
• Elisha Obed, former WBC junior middleweight champion, when asked to name his best punch: "I don't know. I never hit myself."

• Hayden Fry, Iowa football coach, when comedian George Gobel said he could run, pass, go to his left and right, but might not make it academically at Iowa. "You'd be right at home with my guys."

• Louis Breeden, Cincinnati Bengal defensive back, when asked why he didn't spike the ball after returning an interception 102 yards: "I was too tired."

• Al McGuire, on gamblers who befriend college athletes: "You must try to teach your players that if there are creeps hanging around, there's a reason. It's like when you bring flowers home to your wife and say there's no reason. There's a *reason*."

• Don Maloney, New York Ranger wing, revealing his New Year's resolution: "To get as many goals this year as Wayne Gretzky got last week." **END**



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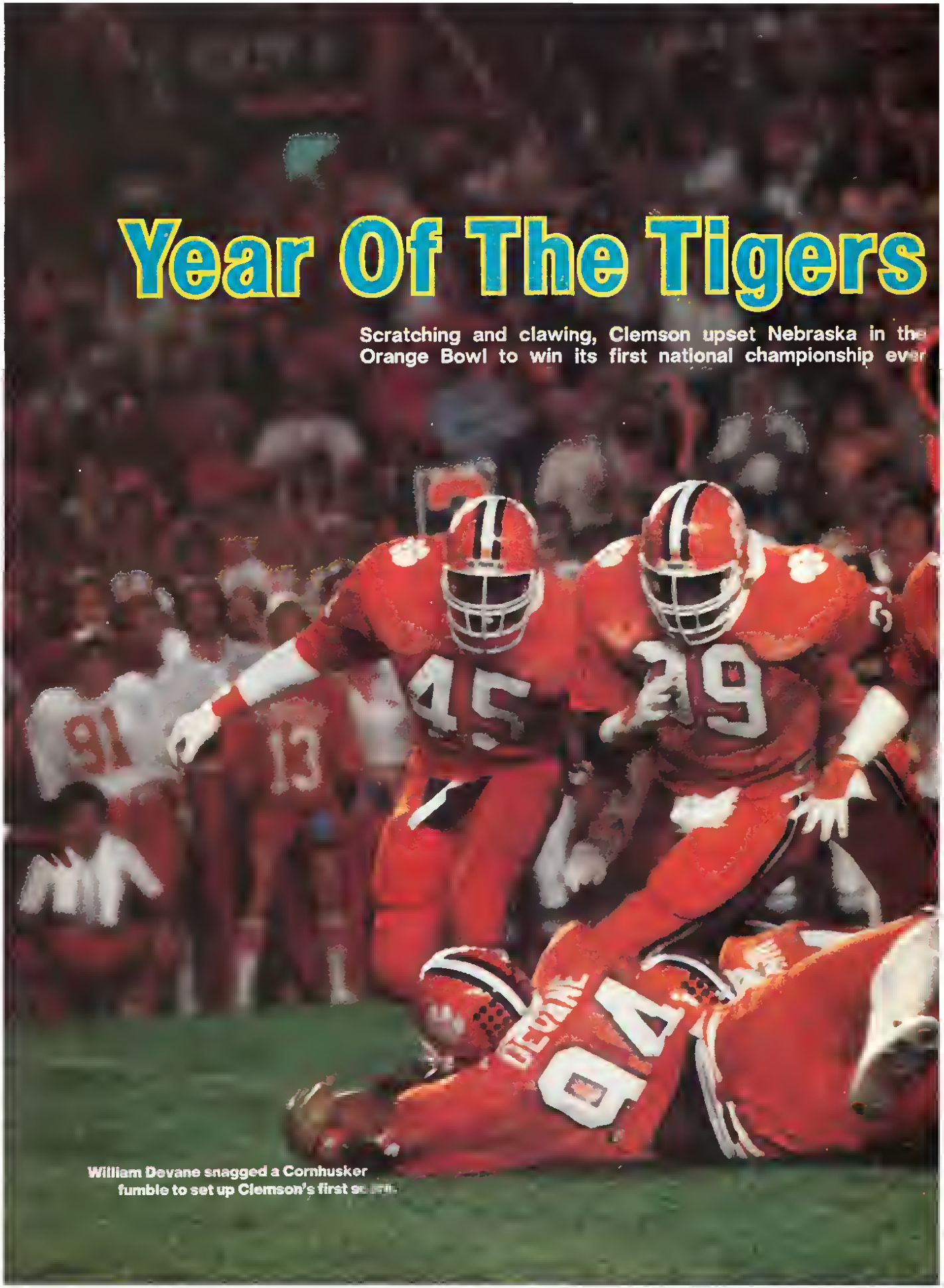
Year Of The Tigers

Scratching and clawing, Clemson upset Nebraska in the Orange Bowl to win its first national championship ever



William Devane snagged a Cornhusker fumble to set up Clemson's first sc[illegible].

CONTINUED

Orange Bowl

by JOHN PAPANEK

Until the game was finally over and the 12–0 season and undisputed national championship that had seemed like such a "stupid" idea—to use Danny Ford's favorite word—four months, or even four hours earlier, became real, the 33-year-old coach kept seeing the dream end in just about every unhappy way possible.

"Shoot," said Ford after Clemson's 22–15 Orange Bowl victory over Nebraska, "before the game I saw us getting behind by a lot of points early. When it started I saw us staying close all the way and them blowing us out in the fourth quarter. Then when the fourth quarter came I saw them winning by one point with a two-point conversion in the last minute. I saw everything. From what I had been hearing and reading I figured there were more ways for us to prove we didn't belong on the field with Nebraska than to prove that they didn't belong on the field with us."

That was the way most everyone in Miami and across the nation felt, it seemed. Except, that is, for the tens of thousands of orange-clad Clemsonites with paw prints painted all over their faces who refused to let their dream die. A team from the Atlantic Coast Conference might be favored in the NCAA basketball tournament, but no ACC team had won a national football championship since Maryland in 1953, and the betting line favored Nebraska by 4½ points. Nevertheless, at the beginning of the fourth quarter Clemson led 22–7, which gave the disbelievers pause—or paws—although in the next few moments the miraculous Clemson season appeared destined for trivia-land.

Throughout the game the Tiger defense had stopped Nebraska's ground attack cold and foiled the passing of sore-armed Cornhusker Quarterback Mark Mauer, who completed just five of 15 attempts for 38 yards. Mauer's arm began to twinge two weeks ago. "He doesn't have a tremendous arm to begin with," said Husker Coach Tom Osborne. "But against Clemson we're going to have to put the ball up." The only time Clemson was hurt on a pass, it was a *halfback* option throw from Mike Rozier to Wingback Anthony Steels in the first quarter. Clemson Free Safety Terry Kinard read "run" and was on his way up while Steels passed him going the other way for a 25-yard touchdown play.

But that was early. Clemson had already scored on a 41-yard field goal by its Nigerian kicker, Donald Igwebuike.

When Tuttle went up for this third-quarter touchdown catch, Clemson went up 19–7.

After Steels's TD, Igwebuike hit another, a 37-yarder. Clemson had pinned Nebraska deep in its own territory, with help from a holding penalty—one of three the frustrated Nebraska line would commit in the game—against Center Dave Rimington. Nebraska punted short from the end zone, and soon Igwebuike's foot was swinging again.

All in all, penalties cost Nebraska dearly, and the Clemson defenders thought there should have been more, particularly Middle Guard William Perry, who went nose to nose with Rimington much of the game. Perry acknowledged that he and Rimington, the Outland Trophy winner, exchanged some harsh words. "I wouldn't say he was dirty," said Perry, smiling after the game. "But he was holding all night. Once I told Jeff Davis [leader of the defense] about it and he spoke to the referee. On the very next play they dropped a flag on him. Holding."

It was clear that the Huskers had come up against more of a team than they had expected. "I could tell they were taking us lightly," said Davis, "just being around them during the week, around town, at discos, the hotels, the stadium. You could feel it, as if they were saying, 'We're from the Big Eight and you boys aren't of the same caliber.'

"I almost had to laugh a couple of times. Like on the first play. I came up to the fullback and forced him inside. It looked like he thought that was the best I could do. I was just feeling him out. So the next time I hit him and knocked him flat on his back. He looked up surprised, like that wasn't supposed to happen." Just as if Clemson's holding opponents to an average of 88.7 rushing yards per game had been some sort of statistical aberration.

So the Clemson defense kept presenting the offense with the ball in Nebraska territory or near it throughout the game. Which brings us to Homer Jordan, the versatile junior quarterback. Ford had intended to do a lot of set-up passing against Nebraska, which, he figured, didn't see much of it in the Big Eight. But that simply didn't work out.

"The one advantage I thought we'd have would be quickness," said Ford. "But I saw during warmups that they were just as quick as us up front. We couldn't set up. We had to sprint out."

Which was exactly what Osborne did *not* want. Before the game he had said, "I'd rather play against a set-up quarterback like Art Schlichter than a guy who sprints out and can run or pass like Jordan." Jordan did just that, by completing 11 of 22 passes for 134 yards and a touchdown and rushing for 46 yards.

The drive that gave Clemson a 12–7 halftime lead began when Defensive End Joe Glenn separated Nebraska Fullback Phil Bates from the football on the Husker 27. Seven plays later, on the two, Jordan pitched to Tailback Cliff Austin, who swept right for a touchdown.

Jordan was en route not only to victory but also to exhaustion in the humid 77° heat. In the locker room immediately after the game, which was thick with the smoke of victory cigars, Jordan nearly fainted and had to be stretched out on a training table for an hour, taking fluids intravenously in his left arm. "It's a little bit more severe than most cases of heat exhaustion," said Dr. Byron Harder, one of Clemson's team physicians. "If the game had lasted any longer, Homer wouldn't have made it."

By Saturday morning Jordan was back on his feet, showing a few "blue spots" on his arms and legs from the beating he had taken. "I'm bruised and hurt all over," he said, "but the game went just like I'd pictured it."

Which meant that Jordan had to perform his most heroic work in the fourth quarter when he was bone-tired. In the third he had completed four passes in a 75-yard, 12-play drive, finishing up with a 13-yard touchdown pass to Tuttle. "You know, at 7:30 this morning Homer came to my room and woke me up and said, 'I'm so nervous I can't sleep,' " said Tuttle. "I said, 'Homer, those big farmboys are going to *kill* you.' But in the game he was so confident. I came into the huddle before the touchdown and Homer said to me, 'If they're in Coverage One [inside zone], run to the corner. If they're in Coverage Five [outside zone], hope that it doesn't get intercepted.' They were in One, I think, so I went to the corner. And there was the ball."

A moment later, after yet another shutdown by the Clemson defense, Billy Davis returned a Nebraska punt 47 yards to set up a third Igwebuike field goal, this one of 36 yards. So it was 22–7 and the Clemson players were already beginning to celebrate. But suddenly there was another factor to deal with. The Sugar Bowl final score was announced—Pitt 24, Georgia 20—and now Nebraska was playing for the championship every bit as much as Clemson was. Patiently, the Cornhuskers proceeded to mount their best drive of the game as the Clemson defense abruptly came unglued. Rozier carried four times for 37 yards before Tailback Roger Craig broke a left-end sweep for a 26-yard touchdown.

"I think we kind of relaxed a little bit then," said Jeff Davis. "It was the only time we went to sleep. We got fast, flowing linebackers, and what they were do-

continued

Jordan jarred the Huskers with rollouts, passing for 134 yards, rushing for 46.

ing was running wide and cutting back inside." The effect was to set up the sweep, which went perfectly. Craig broke outside and stayed outside when Davis and Safety Tim Childers, responsible for that territory, expected him to cut back in. Now nine points down, Nebraska needed to go for a two-point conversion. But there was a mixup on the alignment. Mike McElroy, the snapper for placements, was on the field instead of Rimington, and by the time things were straightened out, Nebraska was called for delay of game. The two-point play had to be made from the eight instead of the three. Mauer was supposed to pass; instead he pitched out to Craig, who ran it down the left sideline, the same way he had for the touchdown.

Ford felt the lump in his throat tightening. "The odds for making a two-point conversion from eight yards are not good," he said. "But they did it. That was when I saw them doing it again to win the game."

Now Clemson was in trouble. On its previous possession, Jordan had twice tried to pass instead of keeping the ball on the ground to run out the clock. Now, with 9:15 remaining in the game, he was trying to pass again, into the teeth of a fierce Nebraska blitz. Four plays later the Tigers punted.

"I was sure stupid then," said Ford, "having Homer try to throw. I had been pretty smart up until then, too."

But the Clemson defense woke up, and desperation caused another Nebraska holding penalty. Then Perry, Davis and Tackle Jeff Bryant put a fearsome hit on Rozier trying to go left from the Nebraska 33-yard line. On second down Rozier was stopped by End Andy Headon. On third-and-four, Perry nailed Mauer for a three-yard loss.

But there was still 5:24 left when Clemson took over the ball, and so far in the quarter its two possessions had gained a total of 12 yards. Now Jordan kept the ball safely on the ground, in the hands of Jeff McCall and Chuck McSwain, who made two first downs as Clemson gobbled up all but six seconds of the time remaining.

Those six seconds were counted down by the orange-clad crowd—loudly, of course—and then it was over. No one had to wait for any pollsters to vote. The Tigers had made their "stupid" dream a reality. **END**

Cotton Bowl

by PAT PUTNAM

The first Texas touchdown came on a dusted-off quarterback draw that wasn't even in the game plan. It's a wonder the Longhorns remembered how it was supposed to go; the last time they used it was against Oklahoma—in 1980. The second Texas touchdown, an unsophisticated thrust that put away favored Alabama 14–12 in the Cotton Bowl, wasn't scored by one of those flashy Texas tailbacks but by a fullback—a Longhorn synonym for blocker—who couldn't believe his number had been called.

Until those golden moments, the first of which came with less than 11 minutes remaining in the game, the Texas attack had come up empty against an Alabama defense that had been thinned by injury and exile. Mostly the Longhorns had shown a fruitless routine of tailback right, tailback left, followed by the sacking of Quarterback Robert Brewer (seven times) and a punt. After three quarters, the closest the Longhorns had come to putting points up was a missed 50-yard field goal by Raul Allegre.

Bear Bryant's third-ranked Tide, at that point on New Year's Day still within range of a national championship, was delighted. It had gotten a touchdown on a six-yard pass from scrambling-for-his-life Quarterback Walter Lewis to Split End Jesse Bendross in the second quarter. And Peter Kim, a 5′ 8″ Korean who discovered football in Hawaii, had increased Alabama's advantage to 10–0 with a 24-yard field goal a few minutes into the fourth quarter.

But 'Bama, historically strong in the last quarter, was starting to flag badly. All week Bryant had been saying that he had never had a bowl team so crippled, crippled not just by injury—to which Texas wasn't immune, All-America Defensive Tackle Kenneth Sims being out with torn ligaments and a broken bone in his right leg—but by less than exemplary behavior. Bryant's linebacking corps was in a shambles. Thomas Boyd, the team's second-leading tackler, had been suspended after being arrested on a marijuana possession charge. In Coventry with him were starting Offensive Tackle Bob Cayavec, who was arrested for driving under the influence, top Running Back Linnie Patrick, who was with Boyd when he was arrested, and reserve Guard Gary Bramblett, who was with Cayavec. And then Eddie Lowe, Boyd's replacement and the season's third-leading tackler, sprained a knee in practice for the Cotton Bowl and was lost. He was replaced by Steve Booker.

"We're starting a No. 5 linebacker," growled Bryant, who was nevertheless looking for Alabama's first victory ever over Texas in eight tries dating all the way back to 1902.

Don't leave now, folks. Late in the first half last Friday the right hand of strong-side Linebacker Robbie Jones, Alabama's *leading* tackler, became entangled in a Texas face mask. When Jones pulled his hand free, there was intense pain. The trainers iced it down at halftime. Todd Roper, a freshman not even listed on the Alabama roster, replaced Jones for much of the second half. He wasn't credited with a single tackle.

This is to take nothing away from Texas, which, as did Alabama, finished the regular season with a 9–1–1 record, and

'Bama's Clark saw glory coming his way but didn't see Texas' Graham, who picked off Lewis' pass to preserve the Texas lead.

was ranked fifth by SI and the UPI and sixth in the AP poll. And, like Alabama, it is a remarkably strong fourth-quarter team

At halftime, down by only 7–0, Texas Coach Fred Akers told his team not to worry. "You hold them in the third quarter," he told his defense. Then, turning to his offense, he said, "And *you* get them in the fourth."

The Longhorn defense did as ordered. It had had its moments of confusion against Alabama's creative wishbone-plus offense in the first half, and Texas' secondary, which basically plays a man-to-man, had been burned by five passes for 113 yards and the touchdown. "On every play they give you a different formation, a different look," said William Graham, the safety who led Texas in interceptions (7) and was second in tackles. "We weren't reacting quickly enough. Then we realized that they weren't beating us physically but we were being outcoached. We were out of position."

"They really weren't moving the ball on us that well in the first half," Akers said later. "But they were making the big play. In the second half we just didn't give them the big play."

Following Kim's field goal with 12:27 to play in the fourth quarter, Brewer finally got the Texas offense untracked. The 6-foot, 186-pound junior from Richardson, Texas was on his way to a second-generation win over a Bryant-coached team. His father Charley, now a Dallas banker, had quarterbacked Texas to a 21–6 defeat of Bryant's Texas A&M team in 1955.

"I don't know what it is about Robert," Akers had said earlier in the week. "All he can do is beat you."

After Kim's three-pointer the Longhorns' Jitter Fields returned the kickoff 22 yards to the Texas 40. A keeper went for three, and then Brewer passed for eight yards to Donnie Little, last year's quarterback, who, at his request, had been shifted to split end. A sack cost Texas seven, but Brewer got that back, plus 19 more, on a pass to Wide Receiver Herkie Walls. With the Longhorns at the Alabama 30, Brewer threw two incomplete passes. Faced with a third-and-10, he called for another pass play that would send Walls deep, with both Little and 6′ 6″ Tight End Lawrence Sampleton on square-ins.

But as Brewer stepped to the line of scrimmage he saw Alabama Strong Safety Tommy Wilcox cheating up. "Oh, oh, another blitz," he thought. He signaled for a time-out. Later, grinning, he said, "I didn't want to get sacked again. I figured I'd call time out and put the pressure on the coaches."

On the sidelines Akers thanked Brewer for his alertness. Then, after a brief conference with his aides, he told his quarterback: "Run Play 1."

"One," Brewer thought, surprised. "Golly, that's a great call. That just might work."

One—Texas gives simple numbers to all of its plays—is the quarterback draw.

"We were hoping they'd stay in the

continued

Warren Lyles' head-turning tackles helped hold Texas scoreless until the last quarter

blitz," Akers said. "I was just hoping for a first down." Not only did Texas catch Alabama in a blitz, but also in man-to-man. With a path as wide as an Interstate, Brewer took off. "I never even saw him until he hit the 10," said 'Bama Cornerback Benny Perrin.

Allegre's kick made it 10–7 with 10:22 to play. A few minutes later, after an Alabama punt, Brewer was back in business, this time from his own 20.

Ten plays took Texas to the Tide eight, the big ones being passes to Sampleton: one for 37 yards, the other for 19. Now in the huddle Brewer called Play 24. This time it was Fullback Terry Orr whose eyes widened. "I was surprised. I was just waiting to hear who I was supposed to block," he said. The play is a quick fullback dive over right guard. Orr went the wrong way. On purpose. "Our blocking is man-on-man and our runners just cut to daylight," he explained. "I saw that [Left Guard] Joe Shearin had flattened his man, so I went that way. A linebacker slapped at me, but that was all."

There was still 2:05 left when Allegre's kick made it 14–10.

Down at the other end of the field, as Allegre got set to kick off, Alabama's Joey Jones said a quick prayer. "I don't know if you are supposed to pray for something like that," Jones said, "but I did it anyway."

All of Alabama must have been praying. Gathering in Allegre's kick at the one, Jones burst through a cluster of Longhorns and flew down the right side. At the Texas 45, with two blockers still in front of him, he slowed slightly. "I was trying to direct them when somebody slammed me from the back." He fell at the Texas 38. Alabama had two timeouts, and 1:54 left.

The Tide was in no hurry. With Split End Tim Clark deep as a decoy, Lewis intended to pass short to Halfback Joe Carter. Carter turned to look for the ball at the 15, but under heavy pressure, Lewis never found him. And so he fired deep to where Clark was nearing the end zone. And there Graham was waiting. "We had gone into a zone," said the 5′ 11″ senior. "They think we're still in a man-to-man and when we move over to help out it surprises them." The most surprised was Clark. He never saw Graham coming. "The ball was right to me," he said. "Then he took it right off my face. He stole the glory from me."

When Graham came down with the ball he was at the one. On the sidelines Akers was already giving instructions to Brewer. "Don't take any chances. I want three Zeroes, kill all the time you can, then give them a safety." Play Zero is a quarterback sneak. Three of those netted three yards, and then the safety made it 14–12. After the punt, Alabama had 48 seconds in which to go 59 yards. It wasn't nearly enough. **END**

Marino (right) went downtown to Brown with the game-winner in the last minute.

Sugar Bowl

by **DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Pitt Quarterback Dan Marino was sitting in a room on the 20th floor of the New Orleans Hilton on New Year's Eve, occasionally gazing out on the lights of a town in celebration and reflecting on the next night's Sugar Bowl game with defending national champion Georgia. "I don't dwell on defeat or failure," he said. "If I throw some interceptions, I think, 'Well, I suppose I may throw another one when I get back out there, but I'm going to keep throwing and throwing.' Who can tell what will happen in this game? But I do know this: We throw the ball intelligently, and if we call the right play, somebody is open."

Prophetic, that. On the next night in the Superdome before a crowd of 77,224, Marino did throw a couple of interceptions. But he also threw intelligently. And, near the end, when it was obvious to all that Pitt had lost the game, the right play was called (69X), somebody

Thomas' slashing off-tackle runs netted 129 yards and kept the heat off Marino.

was open (Tight End John Brown), and with 35 seconds left on the clock, the Panthers scored from 33 yards out to win the brawl 24–20. The technical term for this is "miracle."

Said Marino, "There are a lot of quarterbacks in the country who could throw like we did if they had the time we did." That's a far too modest appraisal, but it is true that the Panthers' offensive line played so tough that after the ball was snapped, Marino usually had time to search the Dome rafters for bats before drilling yet another winner with his rifle arm. "If there is any time at all on the clock," says Marino, "then there is enough time for us to win."

Marino, a junior who already holds 10 Pitt records, completed 26 of 41 passes for 261 yards as he shredded the Georgia secondary, which at the start of the season had been typed as inexperienced and slow. The new year revealed it to be experienced and slow.

Yet there was nothing slow about the game itself. It was the perfect game for New Orleans, which is not so much a city as a come-as-you-are party. The town prides itself on being wild and unpredictable—an image that was perfectly mirrored in the Sugar Bowl, in which Pitt had to come from behind three times.

Everyone had anticipated seeing Herschel Walker, the inestimable running back, launch his 220 pounds and world-class speed against Pitt's best-in-the-nation defense (224.8 yards per game). In fact, on the morning of the game, Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill was going over last-minute details with his staff when he asked, "If we win the coin toss, shall we kick off or receive?" Replied Defensive Coordinator Foge Fazio, "If Herschel doesn't show up, let's kick off." Ultimately, the Panthers not only contained Herschel (he gained only 84 yards in 25 carries) but the Fazio-orchestrated defense also banged him around so mercilessly that at halftime the Panther players were saying Walker didn't want the ball anymore. That was just macho chatter, but the fact was this was the first time all season that Walker was held to fewer than 100 yards (his previous low was 111 against Clemson, Georgia's only other defeat since Herschel came to Athens two years ago). Nevertheless, Walker scored two touchdowns. And, of course, it took that lightning bolt from Marino for Pitt to win. "I don't think we can play any better," said Bulldog Coach Vince Dooley. Walker, whose rushing average dropped from 5.9 yards per carry in 1980 to 4.9 yards for this season, said, "I thought we played pretty well as a team, but Pitt played a little better."

Actually, although you couldn't prove it by the scoreboard, Pitt played a whole lot better. In total offense the Panthers had 469 yards to the losers' 224. In first downs Pitt had 27, Georgia 11.

In the intense Pitt preparations—made all the more so by the Panthers' 48–14 humiliation at the hands of Penn State in their final regular-season game—the defense had been working on making sure that when the ball was handed off to Walker up the middle, he would be kept in the middle and not get the opportunity to bounce outside, as is his wont. And on pitches to him, the strategy was to build a fence and keep herding him sideways until he was forced out of bounds. Offensively, Sherrill put in plays calling at times for two tight ends—an alignment that consistently got Halfback Bryan Thomas loose off-tackle in the second half—and at others for three wide receivers. Neither wrinkle had been in the Panther arsenal in the regular season.

Last Friday morning Sherrill's marker pen was squeaking as he plotted offensive maneuvers in yet another meeting with his coaches. Suddenly a half-smile crept onto his face. He said, "They've got problems."

Sherrill was right, but that was only half the story. The Dogs also posed a lot of problems for Pitt. And, as it turned out, Pitt caused a lot of problems for Pitt. As in the second quarter when Free Safety Tom Flynn fumbled a Georgia punt. Tight End Clarence Kay recovered for the Dogs, and they moved right on in to score on a stutter-step eight-yard run by Walker. A third-quarter fumble by Thomas (who otherwise had a big day, with 129 yards rushing) at his own 10 enabled Walker to score on the next play. And Pitt interspersed moments of transcendent defense with several boneheaded miscues (14 penalties in all, 10 of them procedure violations).

Behind 13–10 early in the fourth quarter, Marino got his troops down to the Georgia 22 before being intercepted on the goal line by Cornerback Ronnie Harris. "I can't believe it," screamed Offensive Coordinator Joe Moore up in the coaching booth. "We're killing them but we're losing." Whereupon Walker fumbled the ball and Pitt's Michael Woods recovered. Four plays later—forgetting about that recent interception—Marino zinged home a six-yard pass to John

continued

Brown for the first of Brown's two crucial scores. To its competitive credit, Georgia came right back to regain a 20–17 lead when Quarterback Buck Belue completed a six-yard pass to Kay.

Then came the hysteria. With 3:46 to go, Pitt was backed up to its own 20. The Panthers made steady progress but finally seemed stymied with a fourth-and-four on the Georgia 46. However, Marino coolly ran a quarterback draw for eight yards. Moments later, Fullback Wayne DiBartola caught a Marino pass—and fumbled. But Wide Receiver Dwight Collins happened to be in the neighborhood, and he jumped on the loose ball. Again it was fourth down—fourth-and-five—with 42 seconds left and the ball on the Georgia 33.

Upstairs, Quarterback Coach Joe Daniels pondered the possibilities and decided on 69X, a pass play in which the two backs would cross and the three wide receivers would run streaks, then free-lance for position. However, in the case of a Georgia blitz, the two backs would stay back and block. Surprisingly, the blitz came, despite Dooley's earlier observation that "if you blitz Marino, he'll burn you." Marino put the torch to Georgia, all right, dropping back 13 yards, spotting Brown and firing a strike to him as he crossed the goal line. Brown had given a little outside fake to Defensive Back Steve Kelly, which Kelly bought, and that gave Brown the crucial step he needed to get clear. As he scored, Brown remembers thinking, "Hey, do you know what you just did?"

Belue had one play left, a rainbow pass that had most of the Pitt defensive backfield at its end, and it was intercepted. With that, the Panthers rushed into their dressing room, sang a few rowdy choruses of *I Don't Give a Damn About the Whole State of Georgia*, saw a table collapse under the weight of only five football players plus Sherrill, and immediately set their sights on next season.

Why not? The young Panthers think they may be preseason picks for the national championship and that Marino will be one of the hard-knocking candidates for the Heisman. To this end, senior Linebacker Sal Sunseri, the heart and soul of the Pitt defense, told him a few days earlier in New Orleans, "Danny, this game is so important because you can either get a step ahead of Walker for the Heisman—or a step behind." Step to the front of the line, Dan. **END**

Robinson's 31-yard interception return typified the tough Penn State defense that

Fiesta Bowl

by N. BROOKS CLARK

Whenever Inside Linebacker Chet Parlavecchio of Penn State wants to relax, he turns to a hobby he has enjoyed since he was six. He plays with toy soldiers. "I've got thousands," he says. "Cowboys and Indians, World War II, old-time soldiers. I set them up and I play. It takes care of my frustrations."

In the Fiesta Bowl in Tempe, Ariz. Parlavecchio, also known as the Italian Enforcer, rid himself of more than a few frustrations by moving around some Trojans, not the warriors of antiquity but the football players of Southern Cal. With 15 tackles in the Nittany Lions' 26–10 victory, the 6′ 2″, 225-pound Parlavecchio led a defensive unit that held the Heisman Trophy winner, USC Tailback Marcus Allen, to 85 yards rushing, scored a safety and caused six turnovers and one concussion. Said Parlavecchio, "We beat their butts. We mangled them. We intimidated them. We shocked them."

The biggest shock of all to the Trojans may have been that the Penn State offense was able to give Tailback U. a dose of its own medicine in the form of junior Tailback Curt Warner, who ran for 145 yards on 26 carries. On the very first play from scrimmage in last year's Fiesta Bowl—Fiesta Bowl X, mind you—Warner had run 64 yards for a touchdown. On the first play of Fiesta Bowl XI, Allen fumbled as he switched the ball from one arm to the other, and the Lions' Halfback Roger Jackson recovered. Two

tallied five sacks and one concussion.

plays later, on the USC 17, Warner took the ball from his roommate, Quarterback Todd Blackledge, on a quick trap, peeked in at the crowd of Trojans in the middle of the line and then rambled around the left corner and into the end zone. Fifteen seconds into the game, Penn State led 7–0.

It was a happy return to form for the 5′ 11″, 195-pound Warner. After gaining at least 100 yards in each of the Lions' first five games, including 238 against Nebraska and 256 against Syracuse, he pulled his left hamstring. Though he ran for 104 yards in Penn State's last regular-season game, a 48–14 win over Pitt, Warner claims he was only 70%. "Nobody has seen the real me in a while," he said before the Fiesta Bowl, "but now I'm healthy and I'm hungry."

Warner comes from the town of Wyoming (pop. 200), W. Va., where he was raised by his grandparents, James and Lottie Mae Warner. His father was never a part of the family, and his mother, Pauline, unable to find work in Wyoming, moved to New York City, where she once worked in a factory that turned out plastic fingernails and shoe soles. "He made me feel very proud," she said after watching her son's Fiesta Bowl performance on TV, in her apartment in Cleveland, where she moved 13 years ago, "but I'm always proud of him, and always have been." Grandfather James spent 41 years working the hoot-owl shift (midnight to 8 a.m.) in West Virginia coal mines, where he contracted black lung and arthritis in both shoulders. Grandmother Lottie Mae has a kidney ailment that requires treatment on a dialysis machine three times a week. "I know it's helping them just knowing Curt's doing so well," says Pauline.

Another surprise in this Fiesta Bowl was that it was played on New Year's Day. The Fiesta ended its seven-year affiliation with the WAC when Arizona and Arizona State went to the Pac-10 in 1978, and the game's directors then made the decision that their event should become a "major" bowl—meaning that, someday it would have to be scheduled for Jan. 1. There's nothing in the rulebook that says a bowl date can't be changed; the risks for the promoters in such a move are loss of TV contracts and certification by the NCAA.

The foundation for the Fiesta's switch was laid last January when the game's executive director, Bruce Skinner, heard talk that the Sugar Bowl might shift from its afternoon spot opposite the Cotton Bowl to an evening slot,head to head with the Orange Bowl. Skinner & Co. was at the time negotiating its second three-year contract with NBC-TV, which had no objection to the move. When the Sugar Bowl announced its change in late March, the Fiesta did, too. The NCAA Post-season Football Committee voted against the shift, but the Fiesta folks won an appeal to the NCAA Council, which, mindful of the antitrust laws, ruled that the committee had no authority to determine a date or time for any bowl game. So New Year's Day got another bowl.

After two previous trips to the Fiesta—both wins, 42–30 over Arizona State in 1977 and 31–19 last year over Ohio State—Penn State had grown to feel like the home team. "It's only a formality that we're wearing white out there," said All-America Guard Sean Farrell. The Lions were annoyed with the Trojans because the Penn State players felt that USC, unhappy at not being in the Rose Bowl, was taking neither the Fiesta nor the Nittany Lions very seriously. "I don't think they really want to be here," said Farrell. "But we do, we like it."

In yet another surprise, it rained in the Arizona desert on New Year's, which helped to make the first quarter of the Fiesta Bowl a comedy of errors. After that first, quick Penn State touchdown, Trojan Quarterback John Mazur followed up a fumble by Warner with an interception thrown at Lion Safety Mark Robinson, after which Penn State Kicker Brian Franco missed a 36-yarder. Then with 3:15 to go in the quarter, the Lions had a third-and-six on their own 13, and Blackledge dropped back to pass. But

continued

Hapless Heisman-winner Allen watches the ball squirt loose, the first of his two fumbles.

Trojan Linebacker Keith Browner hit Blackledge as he threw and Linebacker Chip Banks made the interception and ran it in. Tie game: 7–7. Five minutes later Penn State had another third down, this one on its 48. The pass would be to a walk-on split end named Gregg Garrity, whose father, Jim, a former Lion receiver (1952-54), was one of the first players ever recruited by one of Penn State's assistant coaches then, Joe Paterno. Gregg's pattern was to line up on the left, fake an out move and fly deep down the left sideline. Blackledge underthrew Garrity, and the ball headed straight for USC Cornerback Joey Browner, Keith's older brother. "It was *not* a well-thrown pass," Blackledge said later, "but Gregg made a super adjustment on it." Garrity did, indeed, stepping in front of Browner to make the catch and put the Lions up 14–7.

SI TOP 20

1.	CLEMSON (12–0)	1 *
2.	TEXAS (10–1–1)	S
3.	PENN STATE (10–2)	7
4.	PITT (11–1)	10
5.	MIAMI (9–2)	6
6.	SMU (10–1)	4
7.	GEORGIA (10–2)	2
8.	N. CAROLINA (10–2)	9
9.	ALABAMA (9–2–1)	3
10.	WASHINGTON (10–2)	11
11.	NEBRASKA (9–3)	8
12.	OHIO STATE (9–3)	15
13.	ARIZONA STATE (9–2)	14
14.	MICHIGAN (9–3)	17
15.	BYU (11–2)	19
16.	USC (9–3)	12
17.	WEST VIRGINIA (9–3)	—
18.	IOWA (8–4)	13
19.	MISSOURI (8–4)	—
20.	MISSISSIPPI ST. (8–4)	—

* End of regular season

With 9.20 to go in the half, Franco missed another field-goal attempt, this one a 37-yarder. Three plays later Allen dropped the ball again. When Penn State Tackle Leo Wisniewski bent over to pick it up, he accidentally kicked it 18 yards downfield and had to chase it along the left sideline, where he finally fell on it. "I felt like an idiot," Wisniewski said. Seven plays later Franco finally hit, from 21 yards, and the Lions led 17–7.

Meanwhile Allen was going nowhere, perhaps because over the course of the week in Tempe, he had never refused to sign an autograph, an activity which used up about 90% of his waking hours. "All these people just want to get a piece of him," said Trojan Split End Jeff Simmons, "and he handles it so well. He works so hard at being a nice guy, there's just no describing it."

But it seemed that seven days of autograph *signing* did what 409 *carries* couldn't, because Allen never truly got his footing in the Fiesta Bowl. The first man to surpass 2,000 yards rushing in a season had only his second sub-100 yard game as a tailback. "For some reason, I don't think we were ready to play today," said Allen afterward.

That became quite apparent when, with five minutes to go in the half, Parlavecchio gave a mild concussion to Mazur, and Mazur's substitute, freshman Sean Salisbury, promptly threw a pass directly to Penn State Inside Linebacker Ed Pryts. By the last play of the half the Lions had only a yard to go for a touchdown. Blackledge kept on an option, but, to his surprise, he was stopped. "He's such a big kid," Paterno said of his 6′ 4″, 223-pound quarterback, by way of explanation, "he has been successful at bulling people over." So Penn State was held to a 17–7 halftime lead.

The Lions made up for it on the first series of the second half, driving 59 yards from their own 20 and then scoring as Warner raced 21 yards down the right sideline for his second TD of the game. A Trojan field goal made it 24–10, but the Penn State punt-return team quickly struck back when Dave Paffenroth, a reserve tackle shifted to fullback, blocked Dave Pryor's punt, which scooted out of the end zone for a safety.

Southern Cal had one last gasp. With five minutes left, the Trojans were first-and-goal at the nine. But all hope faded with two consecutive sacks of Mazur.

The first and only time Penn State and Southern California had met before was in the 1923 Rose Bowl, an event memorable because the Lions dawdled—some said intentionally—so long at the pregame parade that the kickoff was delayed for 45 minutes. That game finished in darkness, with reporters in the press box writing their stories by the light of matches. Oh, yes, USC won 14–3. Now the series is even. **END**

Rose Bowl

by CRAIG NEFF

"Iowa is an old Indian word," Bob Hope said last week. "It means, 'Whatever the hell happened to Michigan and Ohio State?' " That's what NBC, which outbid CBS and paid $8 million to televise Washington's 28–0 defeat of the Hawkeyes, must have been saying, too.

Both Iowa, which hadn't played in Pasadena in 23 years, and the Huskies, who were back for the third time in five seasons, won their conference championships after the closest races in Pac-10 and Big Ten history. Washington became the Pac-10 titlist on the last play of the regular season, beating Washington State as UCLA lost to USC. Iowa actually shared its Big Ten crown with Ohio State and received the Rose Bowl berth only because the Buckeyes had appeared in the game more recently. Who hadn't? "For us, just being here is its own reward," said Hawkeye Coach Hayden Fry, who guided Iowa to an 8–3 record, its first winning season in 20 years.

Both teams' style of play was identically dull: excellent defense, strong punting and dismal offense. "We do a lot of things on offense," Fry said. "We just don't do any of them well." Small wonder folks began calling this the Couple-of-Joes Bowl and the Doze Bowl. Which, without Jacque Robinson and 30,000 frenetic Iowans, it might well have been. ("The last one to leave the state, turn out the lights," said Governor Robert D. Ray.)

Washington quickly hushed the Iowa hordes by testing the Hawkeye pass coverage. While Iowa was rated fifth in the nation in rushing defense, it had given up 327 yards passing against Indiana and 263 more at Illinois. On the Rose Bowl's first series Quarterback Steve Pelluer moved Washington to the Hawkeye 40 with three completions and might have put his team in the end zone had he not overthrown Split End Anthony Allen on a deep crossing pattern.

So Iowa got the ball and the chance to show off what Fry had promised would be *his* more wide-open attack. Fry has always been an offensive coach at heart: One of his SMU teams threw 76 passes in a game against Ohio State. Against Washington, his Hawkeyes, who had occasionally lined up in unorthodox formations during the season, used shifts on most downs, put men in motion and even unveiled two different shotgun alignments. Yet on the first series they lost a total of one yard in six plays. "I think they were trying to confuse us," said Husky Coach Don James.

So it went for the remainder of the first quarter, with Washington dropping passes and Iowa moving every which way but forward. Finally, as the second period began, James called on Robinson, a 5′ 11″, 204-pound freshman from San Jose (Calif.) High who had been in for only four plays to that point. "See that guy? He's going to be the best running back here since [NFL Hall-of-Famer] Hugh McElhenny," a longtime Washington fan had said at the previous Tuesday's practice. Robinson, thinking similarly, had told his roommate, freshman Cornerback Michael Collins, that he intended to be the Rose Bowl MVP.

Those were strong words by and about a second-stringer who had carried the ball a mere 38 times all season, but when Pelluer handed it to Robinson three times in a row against Iowa's vaunted, senior-dominated defense, he made 10 yards. Then Robinson ran for two more first downs, one of them on a 17-yard burst to the Hawkeye six. On his seventh carry of the 11-play series, a pitchout to the left from the Iowa one, he glided into the end zone to complete a 65-yard drive and put the Huskies ahead 7–0.

Robinson, whom James considered "one of the top two high school runners on the West Coast last year," nevertheless started the 1981 season near the bottom of the Washington depth chart—and then sank even lower. In late September he tripped while running up a flight of stairs, dislocated two fingers and had to sit out five weeks while recovering from hand surgery. When he returned to practice in November, before the USC game, he was supposed to imitate Heisman Trophy winner-to-be Marcus Allen for the benefit of the Husky defense. "On Tuesday of that week," recalls James, "I came off the field and told the coaches, 'We've got a problem. Our best tailback's out there pretending he's Marcus Allen.' " Robinson gained 42 yards in limited duty in the 13–3 win against the Trojans and ran for 93 the next week in the season-ending win over Washington State.

With less than two minutes left in the half, Pelluer hit Flanker Paul Skansi on crossing routes for gains of 18 and 20 yards to the Iowa 19. After a pass interference in the end zone, Fullback Vince Coby ran in from the one to put Washington up 13–0 at the half.

The Huskies' 3–4 defense—led by its only senior members, All-America Tackle Fletcher Jenkins and Inside Linebacker Mark Jerue—held up its end. "Fletcher and I came here in the same class with all the juniors we've got now [12 starters]," said Jerue. "We were the only ones who didn't redshirt in 1978. It's hard to leave those guys, but I at least wanted it to be on a good note." Even when Iowa switched tactics and turned conservative in the third quarter, using an unadorned I formation and running on 10 consecutive downs, it could accomplish little against Jerue and his friends. At the end of the period, Washington still led 13–0, and Hawkeye Quarterback Gordy Bohannon had thrown two interceptions and fumbled. Then Robinson's twisting 34-yard TD run and reserve Quarterback Tim Cowan's three-yard bootleg into the end zone put the game away.

James's second Rose Bowl victory in three appearances—the Huskies beat Michigan 27–20 in 1978 but lost 23–6 last year—was his most satisfying as he had to rebuild almost his entire offense since last season. Quiet Don doesn't receive much attention, but his 57–24 record at Washington is among the country's best and should get better. Next season, 16 starters will return.

Robinson, who finished Friday's game with 142 yards on 20 carries and the MVP award he sought, will be back to pursue his own goal: winning the Heisman. As darkness approached on Friday afternoon, however, he sounded too humble to have boasted of such an objective. What would be his encore to the Rose Bowl? "I don't know," he said. "I just got here." **END**

The Huskies' Robinson gained 142 yards—and Tackle Eric Moran's rapt admiration.

In one of the most exciting football games ever played, Miami came from way back only to lose to San Diego in overtime **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

A Game No One Should Have Lost

Benirschke's 29-yard game-winner was set up by the previous play, on which Joiner split the zone for a 39-yard catch.

It is the one great irony of professional football that magnificent games such as San Diego's wonderful, woeful 41–38 overtime AFC playoff victory over Miami are almost always decided by the wrong guys. Decided not by heroic, bloodied men who play themselves to exhaustion and perform breathtaking feats, but by men in clean jerseys. With names you cannot spell, and the remnants of European accents, and slender bodies and mystical ways. Men who cannot be coached, only traded. Men whose main objective in life, more often than not, is to avoid the crushing embarrassment of a shanked field goal in the last 30 seconds.

There, at the end, in a moist, numbed Orange Bowl still jammed with disbelievers after 74 minutes and 1,030 yards and 79 points of what San Diego Coach Don Coryell called "probably the most exciting game in the history of pro football," was Dan Fouts. Heroic, bloodied Fouts, the nonpareil Charger quarterback. His black beard and white jersey crusted with dirt. His skinny legs so tired they could barely carry him off the field after he had thrown, how many? A playoff-record 53 passes? And completed, how many? A playoff-record 33? For a playoff-record 433 yards? And three touchdowns?

Ah, Fouts. The real Smilin' Jack of Air Coryell. The guy Otto Graham says activates "the greatest offense" in pro football history. (Outrageous comparisons are a dime a dozen around the Chargers these days.) Smilin' Dan takes his offensive linemen—Billy Shields, Doug Wilkerson, Don Macek, *et al.*—to dinner after a no-sack day and sets NFL passing records with every other breath. If he'd only pay his union dues, what a terrific fellow Fouts would be. Fouts should have decided this game.

Or Kellen Winslow. There, at the end, his magnificent athlete's body battered and blued by a relentless—if not altogether cohesive—Miami defense, Winslow *had* to be carried off. Time after time during the game he was helped to the sidelines, and then, finally, all the way to the dressing room, the last man to make the postgame celebration. Staggering, sore-shouldered, one-more-play-and-let-me-lie-down Winslow, looking as if he might die any minute (the only sure way he could have been stopped), catching, how many? A playoff-record 16 passes? For a playoff-record 166 yards?

Winslow is listed as the tight end in the San Diego offense. The Dolphins know better. Like the 800-pound gorilla, Winslow plays just about wherever Winslow wants to play: tight end, wide receiver, fullback, wingback, slotback. Even on defense, as Miami discovered when he blocked what would have been the winning field goal and thereby spoiled what Dolphin Guard Ed Newman called—another drum roll, please—"the greatest comeback in the history of professional football." Winslow should have decided this game.

Or there, on the other side, Don Strock, the gutty, heroic, 6′ 5″ Miami relief pitcher Strock coming in with the Dolphins submerged at 0–24 and not only matching Smilin' Dan pass for pass, but doing him better than that for so long a stretch that it looked for sure the Dol-

continued

The doughty Fouts set playoff records for complete passes (33) and yardage (433).

phins would pull it out. Throwing (42 times, 28 completions) for 397 yards and *four* touchdowns, and getting Miami ahead and into position to win at 38–31, and then at the threshold of victory twice again at 38–38.

Strock was raised in Pennsylvania, where he watched the immortal (more or less) King Corcoran quarterback the Pottstown Firebirds ("I learned by watching King Corcoran that you can't learn anything by watching King Corcoran," he says), and he used to be quite the mad bomber. He is called "Stroke" for the artful way he can cut an angle with his long, precise passes. But now he's 31, a golden oldie amid Don Shula's miraculous youth movement, and in his 10th year as a Dolphin it is his business to bail out 23-year-old child star David Woodley, the youngest playoff quarterback-starter ever. He did so again Saturday when Woodley suffered a first-quarter malaise—sacks, misfires, interceptions—right out of Edgar Allan Poe. In the end, breakdowns not of his doing cost Strock exactly what Newman said it would have been—the greatest playoff comeback in the NFL's history. "Strock," said Fouts, "was awesome." Strock should have decided this game.

Fittingly, all of the above helped make it what Fouts himself called "the greatest game I ever played in " (See? It's catching.) But, typically, none of them had even a bit part in the final scene. Overtime games almost always come to that because in overtime the objective shifts to a totally conservative aim: The first team close enough tries a field goal. Be cool, play it straight, pop it in. Thus, after a day-into-night parade of exquisite offensive plots and ploys—including a spectacular fleaflicker Shula called from the bench, Strock throwing 15 yards downfield to a button-hooking, well-covered Duriel Harris, who quickly lateraled to Tony Nathan for a 40-yard

Strock came off the bench to rally Miami with four TD passes.

scoring play that ended the first half to bedlam noise—the final blow was a comparative feather duster, struck by a former 123-pound weakling in a dry, spotless uniform. After the haymakers that had kept the old bowl rocking for almost four hours, it was a finishing jab that buckled the Dolphins. A tidy little 29-yard love tap that Rolf Benirschke put slightly right of center, 13 minutes and 52 seconds into overtime

Two years ago Benirschke, son of a German-born animal pathologist, almost died from the effects of an intestinal illness known as Crohn's Disease He lost 50 pounds, and his coura- *continued*

Winslow (80) rose up to block von Schamann's last-minute field-goal attempt.

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"Here it is," Nathan seems to be saying on the fleaflicker that fooled San Diego.

geous comeback after two operations, which left his stomach zippered with a massive scar, has been well chronicled. He is a placekicker (soccer-style, of course). It takes nothing away from him, however, to say that the denouement last Saturday evening was more negative than positive, not a question of which team would deliver the knockout punch, but which team's kicker would not miss one more easy field goal.

Six minutes into the overtime Benirschke missed a 27-yarder that would have won it then and there. "I must have rushed to set up," he was to say later, "but that's no excuse." After the overtime kickoff Fouts had driven the Chargers 79 yards in 12 plays to the Miami eight, and Benirschke went in and duckhooked the kick to the left. "Fortunately," he said, "I got a second chance." The Dolphins' Uwe von Schamann (who was born in West Berlin) had two chances, too. He missed both.

From doing everything wrong at the start to doing everything right for almost three quarters, Miami had lost its touch again when ahead 38–31 with less than five minutes to play in regulation time. Strock had just put together the kind of drive Shula had schemed up beforehand (before, that is, the shock of 0–24 and the need to dust off Strock and such gaudy acts as the fleaflicker that Coryell hadn't seen "since high school")—a 13-play expedition that consumed seven minutes and had the Dolphins on the San Diego 21, in good shape for some clinching points. But there Fullback Andra Franklin was stripped of the ball by Defensive Tackle Gary Johnson and Linebacker Linden King, fumbling it away, and Fouts quickly charged his team 82 yards to the tying touchdown—a nine-yard pass to Tailback James Brooks.

Back came Miami, driving all the way to the San Diego 25 in less than a minute. Stopping the clock with four seconds to play, Shula sent in von Schamann to try a 43-yarder. Uwe is no stranger to pressure: Four times this year, under like circumstances he has rammed through game-winners. The snap was high, but Strock got it down in good order. Apparently, however, von Schamann kicked too far up on the ball and it did not rise quickly enough. Winslow, a defensive ringer, a padded Wilt Chamberlain lurking at linebacker, leaped and batted it away.

Von Schamann went down to the far end of the Dolphin bench, away from everybody, and meditated as the overtime started. After Benirschke's life-giving miss, he got his second chance. A weak San Diego punt and a 21-yard Strock pass to Jimmy Cefalo got Miami into field-goal range once more.

On fourth down at the Charger 17, in went von Schamann. The snap was true, the hold good—but in his eagerness to get under the ball, von Schamann dipped his left side a little too much and his right foot, sweeping across, scraped the ground behind the ball. Von Schamann turned away disgustedly almost as soon as he finished his follow-through. Dolphin Tackle Eric Laakso said such kicks have a "distinctive sound," and even though you don't see them the sound "gives you a sick feeling." The ball disappeared into a sea of dirty white shirts.

Afterward, von Schamann said that although he knew he would "find the answers" for his failures, he had none now. He was appropriately philosophical. The irony is that such crucial games are so often decided by such a disproportionately small number of specialized plays and players; that the field-goal kicker's importance is so exaggerated at those times. Doubly ironic for the Dolphins was that, almost 10 years ago to the day, they had *won* such a game: the longest game in playoff history, a double-overtimer in which Kansas City's Jan Stenerud missed, and then Miami's Garo Yepremian made, the winning field goal.

It is also true that Miami—that is to say, *other* players making *other* mistakes—had dug itself into a ghastly hole to begin with, one 10 placekickers could not have dug them out of. Sipping coffee in his office on the eve of the playoffs, Shula had said the Dolphins could not afford to let San Diego "have anything quick, anything cheap." Which is exactly what they did, with a comedy of errors that even included the failure to cover a kickoff. The kick, wind buffeted, dropped between two lines of Miami receivers and the Chargers *continued*

Chandler raced 56 yards for a score with a first-quarter punt.

recovered it, setting up a touchdown.

Miami had gone off a three-point favorite, more a reflection of Shula's reputation, said one league man, than anything else. On paper, Miami seemed weakest where San Diego was strongest, most especially in the passing game. Air Coryell had Fouts; Miami had a suspect secondary that one local columnist at mid-season had given, en masse, "the turkeys of the year award." A high-scoring game did not augur well for the Dolphins; they had gotten 24 points or more only seven times in 16 games. San Diego had turned the trick 11 times.

But always, figures are relative. Two croutons make little impact on a Caesar salad. Two wives are an overabundance. From early on Shula had seen "something special" about this Miami team, and despite having failed again to advance in the playoffs (the Dolphins have not won a playoff game since the 1973 season), and despite so heartbreaking a finish, the defeat was "something we'll be able to handle," he said, because obviously his is a team on the come.

For San Diego, on the other hand, the future would appear to be now. It has been a year of wrenching acrimony and thrilling vindication for Coryell. He has lost star players (John Jefferson, Fred Dean) and suffered withering criticism. A man with a rival club said that San Diego lacked "the one thing Miami has—character." Coryell himself had seemed beaten down by the implications. He told a San Diego writer the week of the game how tough it had been, losing four out of the five playoff games he had coached; how it took "two or three months" to "get over the depression." As the Dolphins went ahead in the fourth quarter, he could be seen hunched over, hands on knees, his eyes looking despairingly at the scoreboard, as if a new depression had already begun.

But as Fouts said later, this is a "more mature" San Diego team that "seems to get better with adversity." The drive to the winning field goal over Miami was as good an indication as any of what Air Coryell is now capable of, and it was all the more impressive because it came at a time when Miami was apparently the stronger team.

In that 74-yard advance from the Chargers' 16-yard line, a semblance of order returned to San Diego's attack. "We ended the game as we began it," said Fouts, noting key catches and the fact that he had almost unlimited time to work his will on the reeling Dolphin defense. Fouts's linemen picked up the Miami stunts and moved the Dolphins around like pinballs, caroming them from one blocker to another.

The field-goal setup was a beauty. Wide Receiver Charlie Joiner, in motion, cut across the field at the snap and saw that Miami had switched from a three-deep to a two-deep zone. He broke his pattern and split the defense up the middle. Fouts looked right, then left, then saw Joiner—"and I had all the time in the world to get it to him." The play covered 39 yards to the Miami 10, and Coryell immediately sent in Benirschke. Lights out, Miami.

Struggling off the field afterward, the redoubtable Winslow grasped Charger Publicist Rick Smith and whispered, "I feel like I've been to the mountain top."

"You're there, Kellen, you're there," said Smith.

"No," said Winslow, barely audible. "Not yet. Not quite." **END**

A BANNER DAY FOR THE BENGALS

by JACK McCALLUM

So it's the Bengals against San Diego for the AFC championship in Cincinnati, a city that until Sunday had never hosted a playoff game. The Bengals won that one 28–21 over the Buffalo Bills, who played a costly mini-game of "Let's Not Beat the Clock" in the waning moments of the game when a tying touchdown seemed imminent. This took place in a town that usually spends the winter months pondering the Reds' pitching rotation and what position Johnny Bench is going to play. But now there were madmen in the stands of Riverfront Stadium, with striped faces and orange and black wigs and waving "terrible tails."

The Bengals had been an organization which, under the edict of General Manager Paul Brown, used to rip down banners in the stadium, even if they were complimentary. Now banners like STRIPER BOWL wave freely in the breeze. And didn't ol' Paul, with the help of his son Mike, the club's assistant general manager, work with the NFL Properties people to come up with a helmet and

Alexander carried the Cincinnati running attack and some Buffalo defenders as well.

Cribbs broke away for a 44-yard score on this play but was injured soon afterward.

uniform all done up in tiger stripes—"a bold new concept," as they say in fashion circles?

Who better to lead this team than The New Kenny Anderson, whose parting shot Sunday was, "It's going to be great to get back to work tomorrow and prepare for the Chargers." Actually, The New Kenny Anderson is just The Old Kenny Anderson with an offensive line that is maturing into one of the best in the game, an innovative offensive coordinator in Lindy Infante, a bunch of receivers who spend their spare time in libraries, and a wrecking ball of a fullback in 249-pound Pete Johnson, who had his best year with 1,077 yards rushing.

Anderson began the season before the home folks by throwing two interceptions and 10 incompletions in the *first quarter* as the Bengals fell behind Seattle 21–0. He was replaced by Turk Schonert—you've never been replaced by Turk Schonert so you don't know how it feels, do you?—who led the Bengals to a 27–21 victory. Cincinnati Coach Forrest Gregg vacillated most of the following week before deciding to start Anderson against the Jets in Shea Stadium. It was Gregg's best decision since drafting Offensive Tackle Anthony Munoz in the first round in 1980. Anderson completed 22 of 34 passes for 252 yards and two touchdowns in a 31–30 come-from-behind win and he hasn't been stopped since. He's the likely choice for the AFC Player of the Year.

Anderson completed 14 of 21 for 192 yards against the Bills, who sacked him four times but never really disturbed his rhythm. He would be drooling at the prospect of facing a San Diego defense that made Miami's Don Strock look like Johnny Unitas but for the fact that Anderson doesn't drool.

The Bengals scored on their first two possessions Sunday, set up by Mike Fuller's 27-yard punt return, which gave Cincinnati possession at the Buffalo 42, and a Ken Riley interception that started another drive at the Bill 48. Anderson moved his team straight down the field both times, mixing the running of Johnson and Charles Alexander (a surprise with 72 yards on 13 carries) with passes to three different receivers. With three minutes left in the first quarter, Cincinnati led 14–0.

But the Bengals aren't the Dallas Cowboys, and the Bills, to their credit, aren't the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. Joe Ferguson (15 of 31 for 202 yards) finally got on target—he was intercepted not only by Riley but also by Linebacker Bo Harris before Buffalo scored—and directed the Bills to a touchdown just before halftime and another on their first possession of the second half to tie the game at 14–14.

The tying touchdown came on Joe Cribbs's finest moment. From the Bengal 44, the NFL's best all-purpose back circled left end, eluded clean shots by Linebacker Jim LeClair and Riley, cut back against the grain and went the distance. Unfortunately for the Bills, Cribbs bruised his knee on a carry on Buffalo's next possession and was sidelined for the rest of the game.

continued

Kreider took a short pass 42 yards down the sideline to set up Cincy's winning TD.

Even without Cribbs, though, Buffalo moved the ball, which was inevitable considering that Cincinnati, which had a division-leading 42 sacks in the regular season, didn't dump Ferguson once. "I don't know why we didn't blitz that much," said Linebacker Reggie Williams. "I can't speak for the coaches. The pregame plan was to pressure Ferguson, but then we didn't blitz."

For his part, Anderson was having *his* way with the Buffalo defense. After Cribbs's tying run, Anderson marched Cincinnati 65 yards in seven plays for a touchdown with the help of a questionable pass-interference penalty against Cornerback Mario Clark and Anderson's 13-yard scramble for a first down. The Bengals wince every time that Anderson runs because injuries (broken bones in hand, knee, ankle, shoulder, toe) have been the source of many of his difficulties over the years.

With Cincy on the Buffalo 20, Anderson called a draw to Alexander, who sprinted through a big hole at right tackle and carried Safety Bill Simpson into the end zone with him to make it 21–14. It looked like a classic misdirection play, because the blocking went the other way, but it was actually designed to go to the left (over Munoz and Guard Dave Lapham, where Cincinnati ran most of the day), and Alexander simply cut back when he saw that Buffalo was overrunning the play. After the game Alexander was happy but uncomfortable amid a sea of reporters; it was only the second time he had been interviewed all season. "You'll have to excuse me if I'm a little rusty," he said.

Ferguson came right back, with a big assist from Roland Hooks, who was subbing for Cribbs and had 24 yards rushing on five carries and one reception for six yards on the ensuing 79-yard drive. Ferguson's 21-yard pass to Jerry Butler on the first play of the fourth quarter tied the score 21–21.

By this time it was obvious defense wasn't going to win the game. Anderson promptly led the Bengals on a nine-play, 78-yard drive that ended with a 16-yard touchdown pass to Cris Collinsworth that put the Bengals ahead 28–21. It was this drive that demonstrated as well as any the importance of both Infante and the talented Bengal receivers to Anderson. The key play came in a third-and-one situation at the Cincinnati 42. Everyone expected a simple handoff to Johnson, who specializes in short yardage. But earlier in the week Infante had installed a different kind of play for just such a moment. He flooded the inside while slipping Wide Receiver Steve Kreider out in the flat. The play was ticketed for between two and five yards. Kreider gained 42, speeding down the sideline and getting a screen block from speedster Isaac Curtis. "Actually, it was closer to third-and-two," said Infante later, "or we might've run Johnson." Oh.

After two incomplete passes, Infante called for one of the Bengals' "either-side option routes," plays in which both Kreider and Collinsworth could choose any of three patterns. Kreider was double-teamed but Collinsworth found some space in the middle and took Anderson's pass in for the winning touchdown. "The key to the play absolutely was Kenny having the time to make all those reads," said Infante, who is in his second season with Gregg. "And we couldn't run all of our option routes with just any group of receivers. Ours are way above average in intelligence."

So is Anderson, who in July completed studies for his law degree at Northern Kentucky University's Chase College of Law and will take bar exams in both Kentucky and Ohio. His reads on the option patterns have made an all-purpose back out of Johnson, a rookie of the year out of second-round draft choice Collinsworth and a reputation for Tight End Dan Ross, who had a club-record 71 receptions this season and six for 71 yards against the Bills. Only the venerable Curtis, who caught just 37 passes this season, isn't getting the amount of work he wants, but Curtis will be double-teamed until he's 90, and that has helped the other receivers get open.

Anderson is content to let Infante call the plays from the press box, which he does by relaying them to Backfield Coach George Sefcik, who tells backup quarterback Schonert, who sends them to Anderson with hand signals that are

continued

The Bills' last gasp: Piccone's crucial first-down catch was nullified by a penalty.

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more complicated than, say, rubbing the letters and going to the bill of the cap "We don't want anybody to steal our signals," says Infante.

Even if the Bills signaled in Mohawk it wouldn't explain the blunder that ultimately may have cost them the game.

Buffalo drove to the Bengal 20 where, on fourth-and-three, with 2:58 left, it took a time-out. Then with the 30-second clock ticking and the Bills still huddling, wide receivers Lou Piccone and Ron Jessie were sent into the game. "Why they weren't sent in earlier I don't know," said Ferguson But Buffalo Coach Chuck Knox said he always sends in the players late in such a situation so the defense doesn't have time to adjust to the new personnel.

In defense of Knox, the Bills got exactly what they wanted—Piccone, who lined up in the backfield, isolated with a linebacker on a short sideline pattern. The ball was snapped and Ferguson passed to him from the shotgun for an apparent first down near the 10-yard line, from where the Bills, who were moving the ball easily, could be expected to score the tying touchdown. But Buffalo was called for delay of game. Faced with a much more difficult fourth-and-eight from the 25, Ferguson overthrew Hooks in the end zone. That was Buffalo's last good chance.

Afterward, Bills Center Will Grant, whose job it is to check the 30-second clock, said it was only at 12 when he put his head down to snap to Ferguson. Ferguson said only that he had to enunciate his count more clearly, what with the crowd noise, and maybe that was what caused the delay. Whatever the cause, Knox didn't protest the penalty, though he reportedly put his fist through a blackboard in the dressing room before the press was admitted. Somebody did, because the board was smashed. Funny it wasn't a clock. **END**

SAN FRANCISCO TO THE FORE

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Two weeks and five games of the NFL playoffs were history when the San Francisco 49ers took the field in Candlestick Park against the New York Giants last Sunday and already a pattern had been established: Team A gets off to a big lead, sometimes in shocking fashion; Team B fights back, heroically, dramatically, only to fall short at the end. The lesson: In this era of wide-open football, no lead is safe, especially in the playoffs.

It had worked that way in four of those first five games. Only Dallas refused to follow the script. The Cowboys played crushball all the way in their 38–0 victory over Tampa Bay, but that's the Cowboys for you. They always do things their own way.

So when the 49ers jumped out to a 24–10 halftime lead over the Giants, lighting up the gloomy San Francisco sky with 325 yards worth of offense, there was no one making a move for the exit.

The 49ers and their quarterback, Joe Montana, had played brilliantly in the first half. Montana was looking the Giant secondary off his receivers in the best Johnny Unitas fashion; he was suddenly finding big holes in a zone defense that had been airtight for the last month. San Francisco's blocking scheme called for its guards, Randy Cross and John Ayers, to pick up the linebackers blitzing from the outside, the heart of the Giant pass rush, and this was giving Montana plenty of time to work his magic, mostly to Freddie Solomon, who had six receptions, and Dwight Clark, who had five. On the one occasion on *continued*

Guard-turned-Left Tackle Audick (61, lower right) pulled right on this unconventional sweep and helped spring Patton for a TD.

Clark caught five passes for 104 yards.

NFL PLAYOFFS *continued*

which Montana did look like a sitting duck, when Inside Linebacker Harry Carson came in clean, up the middle, Montana so sold him on a play-action fake that Carson did an about-face and went after the supposed ballcarrier. And Montana calmly lofted a 58-yard scoring pass to Solomon.

"Yeah, I did sense someone rushing me from the inside," Montana said. "I wondered what happened to him."

When they weren't passing, the 49ers were bedeviling the Giants with a running game that featured a new wrinkle—Left Tackle Dan Audick pulling to his right and sealing off the inside on sweeps to that side, an almost impossible maneuver, except that Audick used to be a guard and he has the requisite speed. "We have trouble keeping him from pulling all the time," said Right Tackle Keith Fahnhorst. "He always wants to. So this time they let him." The play sprung Ricky Patton for a 25-yard touchdown to close out the San Francisco scoring in the first half, a half that 49er Coach Bill Walsh called "the finest offensive football we've played in the three years I've been here."

It was pretty, all right, but the pattern of these playoffs had been that the team that breezed in the beginning wound up gasping at the end. As the 49ers trooped into the locker room at halftime, basking in the cheers of their faithful, they were thinking of Buffalo against the Jets, and the Giants against the Eagles, and Cincinnati against the Bills, and, especially, San Diego against Miami.

"That's all we were talking about at halftime," Cross said. "I kept telling people, 'Don't forget what happened to San Diego last night.' Everyone saw that game. You say, 'Realistically a team that's down 24–0 in the first quarter should never come back,' but then I thought, 'Realistically, we'd better score two more touchdowns if we want to win.' "

Well, they scored their two more touchdowns and won 38–24, but not before the Giants made things very scary. The New York defensive unit is proud. It had been wounded in the first half, confused and at times embarrassed, but now it was aroused. "The key to victory in the NFL," Walsh has said, "is a pass rush late in the game," and now the Giants were stepping up the intensity of their pass rush. Early in the third quarter Montana was pressured into a misfire and Strong Safety Bill Currier intercepted. On the next play New York Quarterback Scott Brunner zipped a strike to Johnny Perkins on a post pattern. Cornerback Ronnie Lott missed the interception, and the Giants had a 59-yard TD to pull to within seven, at 24–17.

Suddenly the 49ers' position didn't look so good. New York had muscled its way into the playoffs and past Philadelphia 27–21 in Round 1 on a defense and ball-control game, but here it was hitting San Francisco with lightning bolts, the 59-yarder to Perkins and a 72-yarder to Earnest Gray in the first half, the two longest scoring plays the 49er defense had allowed all year. Now a light rain started to fall, and although the Candlestick turf was not the disaster everyone expected after intermittent showers all week, it was still slippery in spots. This helps the pass catchers and throwers, not the pass rushers and defenders, a fact not lost on Giant Coach Ray Perkins.

"Make no mistake about it," Walsh said. "Perkins is an absolute master of the passing game. He might be the best in the league at it. Yes, I was very worried at that point."

San Francisco was looking shaky.

continued

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Montana was forced into a quick three-and-out series, and the Giants got the ball and moved from their 29 to the 49er four, third-and-goal. It was at this point, with 4½ minutes left in the third quarter, that another strangely consistent pattern of this postseason asserted itself. Brunner hit Gray on a quickie at the goal line, but Cornerback Eric Wright stripped the ball away, setting up that playoff trademark, the missed field goal. Joe Danelo's 21-yarder hit the left upright—*bonk!*—and the margin remained seven points.

The big turnaround play, the one that proved to be the most important in the game, came early in the fourth quarter. Facing third-and-long, the 49ers seemingly were pinned on the New York 41, but Giant Defensive End Gary Jeter drew a 15-yard penalty for unnecessary roughness. It gave the 49ers a first down on the 26, and four plays later Bill Ring scored the TD that made it 31–17. Seven minutes after that Lott intercepted another Brunner pass for the 20-yard touchdown that put the game away, but the head-scratching over the Jeter call continued. Whom had he roughed? He hadn't been near the quarterback. Referee Ben Dreith had indicated by a short, underhand gesture that an uppercut had been thrown, but at whom? The mystery was cleared up in the locker room.

Rookie Cornerback Lott returned this interception 20 yards for a final touchdown.

A roughness call set up Ring's clinching touchdown.

"He attempted a blow to my stomach and missed," Audick said, and all eyes turned to his stomach. It didn't seem to be a target easy to miss. "I was pass-blocking him as long as I could, within the rules. He decided it was too long, and he retaliated in a fashion he deemed appropriate. I thought, 'What a great idea, I hope the ref saw it.' "

"They called it an attempted punch," Jeter said. "I guess I did attempt it, but I didn't get far with it. I didn't even touch him."

That was only one of several unusual calls. The best was a personal foul on, of all people, the 49ers' kicker, Ray Wersching. "It was on a kickoff," Wersching said. "Number 30 [Leon Perry] tried to block me. I tried to slap him away at the shoulder, but my hand slipped and hit his head." This might be the first time in playoff history a kicker was called for a head slap.

San Francisco was flagged three times for clipping and once for an illegal crackback block, which drew bitter comments in the Giants' locker room. "Solomon threw a few clips that were illegal," said Cornerback Mark Haynes, who had to sit out one series as a result of one of them. "They kind of played dirty football at the beginning, but that was all right. It just made us play harder."

"I was getting cut on the flow plays," Carson said. "Their offensive linemen were diving at my legs. Even their wide receivers were doing it. That's just their style. That's not dirty football, just good, hard football."

"The extra week we had to prepare helped us offensively," Walsh said. "We could be more diverse. It was very fortunate, because we needed all the offense we could get today; the Giants were getting a lot of yards, too."

Walsh was asked how his defensive backs could be so young yet so poised, and he rolled his eyes skyward. New York had passed for 281 yards against the 49ers, the most yardage they'd given up in the air all year. Indeed, the game was a throwback to the ones they'd played in the early Walsh era when their only hope was to outscore people.

On Sunday Dallas meets San Francisco in Candlestick for the right to represent the NFC in Super Bowl XVI. For three straight years, 1970 through 1972, the Cowboys were the hammer that knocked the 49ers out of the playoffs.

"You'll notice that Dallas was the only team that didn't get involved in a hair-raising playoff game," said Lott. "The reason is that they're a team that doesn't make mistakes in big games. The mistakes we made today . . . well, we're not going to be able to do that against Dallas and survive." **END**

MOVIN' AND GROOVIN' IN DALLAS

by BRUCE NEWMAN

All day long Tampa Bay Quarterback Doug Williams had seen the hands coming at him, the big swaddled paws of the Dallas Cowboys' front four, their fingers outstretched against the sky as if to bring retributive thunder crashing down on him. Whenever Williams thought he had a receiver open, the hands would wave in his face and his moment of opportunity would slip by. To Williams, these outstretched hands became a nightmarish symbol of the larger, unseen fist of the Dallas flex defense. By the time that muscular defense had finished flexing itself all over the Bucs at Texas Stadium last Saturday, the Central Division champions had been crushed 38–0. So much for parity.

It could have been worse. Dallas Defensive End Ed (Too Tall) Jones, who spent nearly as much of his afternoon in the Bucs' backfield as Williams did, says the Cowboys haven't really got the hang of the flex yet. "It takes you four years to play it well," Jones says, "and you *never* master it."

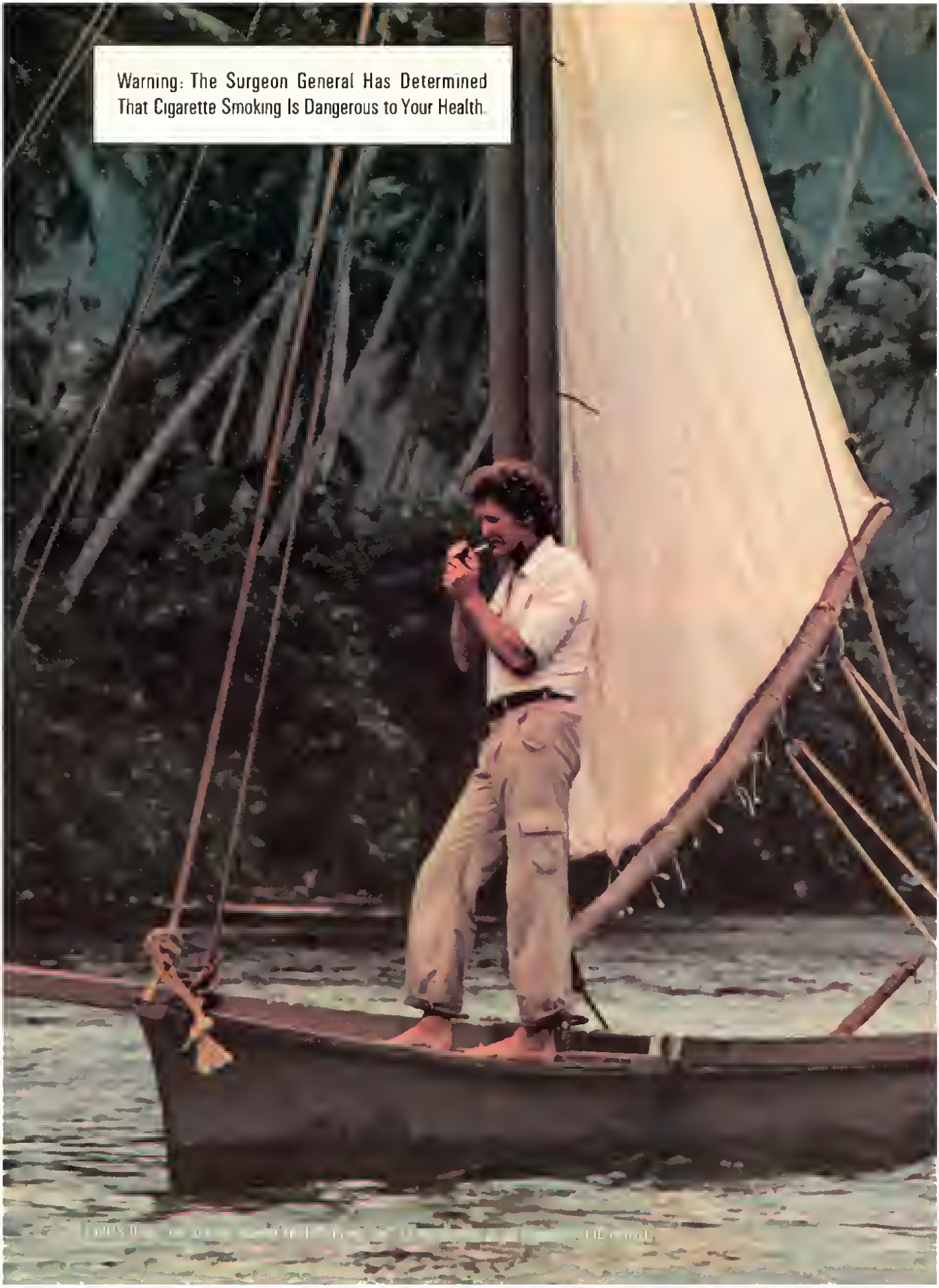
The Buccaneers had lived and died with their strong-armed young quarterback, for when Williams was good he could carry his whole team along with him, and when he was bad the Bucs were, too. Williams had his finest year as a pro this season, finishing sixth in the NFC's quarterback rankings and completing more than 50% of his passes for the first time in his four-year NFL career. The Cowboys hoped to unsettle him early and make him revert to the erratic style he had once displayed. "If the day isn't going the way he likes it to," said Dallas rookie Cornerback Everson Walls, who played for a year with Williams at Grambling and whose 11 interceptions led the NFL this season, "that's going to rattle him. If we can get good pressure on Doug, we expect him to have a long day."

The Bucs, meanwhile, were eager to take on the Cowboys. Tampa Bay had won its division by taking four of its last five games, including a decisive season-ending 20–17 victory over Detroit in the Silverdome, where the Lions hadn't lost all season. That left Tampa Bay with a 9–7 record, a fact that produced such an outpouring of civic pride that *10,000* fans showed up at the Bucs' training complex that night to welcome the team home from Detroit. At one point during this demonstration of affection, a fan tried singlehandedly to launch the Buccaneers' playoff ship by hitting Free Safety Cedric Brown over the head with a bottle of champagne.

The young Bucs seemed to relish their role as upstarts. "It doesn't hurt to be a little bit of an underdog," said Tampa Bay Coach John McKay, "as long as you don't turn out to be a *complete* dog."

Funny he should have mentioned that. Whether the Buccaneers are truly awful, or merely had a dog-day af- *continued*

As Williams goes so go the Bucs, so it was doomsday for Tampa Bay when the Dallas front four, led by Too Tall, lowered the boom.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Dorsett keyed a Cowboy running attack that rolled up 212 yards rushing

ternoon against what may well be the best team in pro football, is debatable. After all, the Dallas defense has now allowed its last six opponents an average of fewer than 10 points a game. It didn't take long for the Cowboys' class to tell. On Williams' first passing attempt, he was sacked by outside linebackers Mike Hegman and D.D. Lewis for a loss of nine yards. On the Bucs' second offensive series, Williams had to scramble for his life to elude Defensive Tackle John Dutton on one play, and later had a pass intended for Wide Receiver Kevin House intercepted by Cornerback Dennis Thurman.

The Bucs' problems were only made worse by hideous field position almost every time they got the ball. While the average Dallas drive began only 51 yards from Tampa Bay's goal line, the Buccaneers started each of their first-half drives an average of 81 yards from the Cowboy end zone. In fact, the Bucs got beyond midfield only four times all day, once at the end of the first half with no time showing on the clock.

The third time Tampa Bay got the ball, Williams dropped back from his own eight-yard line into the end zone, only to find 270 pounds of Too Tall steaming in at him from his left end position, 252-pound Harvey Martin bearing down on him from his right end position, and both of them intent on putting Williams on *his* end position. "We wanted to just keep coming at him," said Martin. "Every time he stopped and turned around he had somebody in his face. That kind of took his mind off what was happening in the secondary." Williams got the pass off, which was incomplete, and then was clobbered. For a moment, Martin and Jones stood over their prey, pawing at each other with their bandaged arms in celebration. "They'll eat you apart if you give them the chance," said the Bucs' Cedric Brown.

Two plays later, Williams was again intercepted by Thurman, this turnover leading to the Cowboys' first score, a nine-yard touchdown pass from Danny White to Wide Receiver Tony Hill. Later that day the beleaguered Williams was asked if, on those occasions when he had had time to pass, his receivers had been open. "When I had time to pass," Williams said evenly. "When was that?"

The interceptions were Thurman's 10th and 11th of the season, matching the total amassed by Walls at the other corner. It is a young but gifted defensive backfield—the free safety is another rookie, Michael Downs, who also had an interception Saturday, his eighth—and one that has been a surprise to the Dallas organization because the Cowboys' sophisticated scouting system didn't rate either rookie worth a draft choice. Both were signed as free agents. Strong Safety Charlie Waters, the 11-year veteran with bad knees, anchors the unit, but it is Thurman, an 11th-round 1978 draft pick out of USC, who has become the team's most aggressive hitter. During his rookie season, Thurman, a cutup, didn't always behave like a model Dallas Cowboy. He once so provoked Lewis—the quintessential Cowboy—that Lewis shoved him against a wall on the day of a game and told him to shape up.

For Williams, things just went from bad to much worse. Twice in the second quarter, pressured by Jones and Martin, he was called for intentional grounding. In the second half he had two more passes picked off—one of them by Downs and another by Too Tall after Dutton batted the ball into the air—got sacked three more times, and still outshone the ground game, which accounted for only two net yards for the half. The closest the Buccaneers came to scoring was on a fourth-and-goal at the nine-yard line, when Williams, harried as always, lofted a pass that sailed through the uprights like a field goal.

The Cowboys, sluggish on offense in the first half, came to life on their first possession of the third period, and the rout was on. Dorsett, held to just 22 yards rushing in the first two quarters, took a screen pass and galloped 25 yards, then looped off right tackle for 26 more on the next play in the course of an 80-yard drive that boosted the Dallas lead to 17–0. The problem in the first half had been with the offensive line. "They move 'em, I'll groove 'em," is the way Dorsett explained it.

At playoff time the Cowboys are always moving and grooving. **END**

The Dallas defense succeeded in its plan to make Williams a study in frustration.

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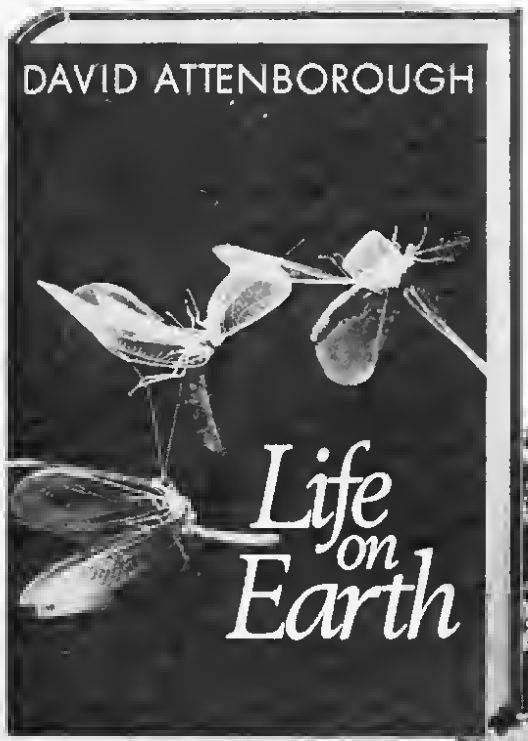

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On Track, Leading The Pack

After his disastrous 1980 Olympics, Bill Koch, top cross-country skier in the U.S., is winning once more

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

One cold and snowy morning late last March, on a frozen lake in southern Vermont, Bill Koch (pronounced coke), the best U.S. cross-country skier, set out to attempt a world record against the clock. He had carefully measured a five-km. loop on South Pond in Marlboro and had invited two local U.S. Ski Association officials as witnesses. At 7:03 a.m., in softly falling snow, he began; one hour, 59 minutes and 47 seconds later he finished, becoming the first skier ever to break two hours for 50 km. En route he was also clocked at 1:11:45 for 30 km., reducing by 37 seconds the record set in Sweden the year before. Typically, Koch made light of his accomplishments. "This was just part of my training for next year's world championships," he said.

Actually, the records were just crowning touches to a gratifying racing season. In the first five weeks of 1981 Koch had a string of seven consecutive victories in the U.S., including the national 15-km. and 30-km. championships, and followed those wins by surprising his European rivals in three big international marathons, racking up a second, a seventh and a first place. It was the best season of his career, and with it, Koch, now a veteran of 26, served notice that he is back near the front of the pack after a disastrous 1980 Olympics. This winter Koch is pouring it on again—*humping* it, as the Nordic folks say—in preparation for the biennial world championships this February in Oslo.

Koch is no longer the shy, apple-cheeked kid who stunned the cross-country skiing world by winning a silver medal in the 30-km. race at the 1976 Olympics in Innsbruck, the first and only cross-country medal ever won by an American. Nor is he the angry and confused young man whose subsequent racing career swung up and down like a seesaw. He is now mature, self-possessed, and it showed on South Pond, where Koch went about the business of setting his record the way *he* likes to do things: with meticulous preparation and without fanfare or cheering spectators. In other words, alone.

Koch is a very private person. It bothers him when people make a fuss over his accomplishments. Unfortunately, as his father, Fred, says, "If you win a silver medal your cover is blown." Koch made headlines on the sports page, sometimes even on the front page, and as a newsworthy person, he couldn't escape being judged. When he raced badly in 1977, he was called a has-been; when he stopped racing later that year, it was said he was a quitter.

And when Koch tried to do things his way, he displeased U.S. Nordic Team Coach Marty Hall, who in *continued*

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The Kochs (from left): Katie, Leah, Elisabeth (on sled), Bill, Hattillon the cat and Rastis.

1978 called the cross-country star a "spoiled brat" and a "rebel." Koch's reputation revived briefly, just before the 1980 Olympics, when newspaper headlines proclaimed U.S. HOPES REST ON KOCH. But he hit rock bottom at Lake Placid when he quit in the middle of the 30-km. event, he was labeled a "disgrace" and a "poor example."

"Nineteen eighty is not my problem," Koch says, his voice cold and cutting. "I didn't feel it was my duty to finish that race *just* because others felt it was my duty. What *right* do they have over me? I did what I had to do."

Koch then placed 16th in the 15 km. and 13th in the 50, and his team finished eighth in the 4 × 10-km. relay. After the Olympics, there was much grumbling about how poorly the U.S. team, and Koch in particular, had performed. When the U.S. hockey team won the gold, it was said that what those cross-country skiers really needed was a disciplinarian, someone like Hockey Coach Herb Brooks.

"No way!" says Koch. "With a coach like Brooks I would quit immediately. I wouldn't ski. I can run my life just fine. I don't need anybody to run it for me."

Koch lives east of Putney, Vt. (pop. 1,853), at the end of a dirt road in a spacious two-story house situated on 18 acres of maples and pines. To Koch it is an oasis of happiness—for himself, his wife, Katie, and his daughters, Leah, 4, and Elisabeth, 11 months—in what he views as an often difficult and hostile world. "This home is my security, my privacy," he says. "Both are very important to me."

Koch's wariness, his suspicion of outsiders, date back to a time long before the 1980 Winter Olympics. "My parents split up when I was eight," he says. "It was a messy time. I used skiing as an outlet, a way to get away into the woods, to take my frustrations out on some hard exercise. I very much liked to be alone, to get out of the house and away from all the baloney.

"I wanted to spend time with my father, I wanted to gain his confidence. He didn't make it easy for me. The biggest lesson I learned from him, a lesson that was *drilled* into me, was: *Mind Your Own Goddamn Business!*"

It was Bill's father who first put him on skis. "The front yard was on the south side of the house," Fred recalls. "There, under the maple in the sun, I put Bill out to ski when he was about 1½ years old." At seven, Bill was one of the gung-ho kids in the junior ski-jumping program of the Brattleboro Outing Club. When jumping meets were held, there would be cross-country races too, but they weren't very popular. Early in 1963 Bill tried cross-country skiing thinking it would be a golden opportunity for him to win an easy trophy. Fred took the edges off Bill's alpine skis, told him to wear his jumping boots and took him to a 5-km. race in Connecticut. "If you win," Fred said, "I'll buy you a pair of cross-country skis." Bill won by a mile, and his racing career was launched.

Fred Koch is financially independent. As a major stockholder in the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, he has never had to work for a living. He did some farming at times; he has studied astronomy and taxonomy and has spent time in search of rare wild flowers. He can be very gentle and charming, especially with small children, but he can also be difficult. His sudden mood changes often were unsettling to his family.

If Fred lived in New York City, he might blend right in, but in the small towns around Brattleboro, Vt. he doesn't go unnoticed. There he's known as a sort of maverick who rubs people the wrong way. "I'm a person who elicits anger," he says. "Let's have it out. It's a healthy thing to do."

"My father is almost a genius," says Bill. "He has good ideas, but they never work out." At various points in his life, Fred wanted to found an orphanage and a school, and he was going to open a real-estate exchange service to cut out brokers' fees. A life that to others looks like a failure seems a huge success to Fred. When he was still married to Bill's mother, Nancy, he would sometimes take the lithium carbonate tablets prescribed to correct his erratic shifts in mood. Convinced that he was taking placebos, Fred says, "I just took them because it made my family so happy."

In 1965 Nancy married Tom Ragle, then the president of Marlboro College, who had two children of his own. The new family found a home in a 200-year-old farmhouse in Guilford, Vt. which had belonged to Nancy's father. Two years later, 12-year-old Bill, by then heavily into cross-country, introduced himself to Bob Gray, the enthusiastic young man who would become the strongest influence on Bill's skiing career. Gray was one of the best U.S. cross-country racers and an obvious inspiration to a young skier. He taught Bill to train hard but intelligently, to know his physical limitations.

Gray was training for the 1968 Olympics when he first met Koch.

Koch was the first American to win the Engadin race.

"He was a tiny fellow weighing no more than 100 pounds," Gray recalls. "One day he called up and asked me whether he could come to Putney Sundays and train with us." Gray was 28 and an instructor at The Putney School, and on Sunday mornings he would lead the members of a local ski club on long runs or bike rides. "Bill had to get up at six and ride his bike 23 miles just to go training with us," says Gray, "and afterward, he had to ride back to Guilford. He was really eager." When Bill was 14, his stepfather moved the family to England for the duration of a sabbatical, but Bill refused to go along because he wouldn't be able to ski there. So Ragle enrolled him in a British school in Villars, Switzerland. It turned out to be a very strict boarding school, and Bill wasn't allowed to train early in the morning, as he was accustomed to doing. "I had to sneak out of the dorm at the crack of dawn," he says. "And when I wanted to train in the afternoon, they wanted me to play basketball."

"There was not a damned thing I could do about it," says Fred, who vividly recalls a letter he received from his son describing the situation at school. Fred was so upset by Bill's plight that he took the letter and set off at 3 a.m. on a cold November day to run the 23 miles to Gray's house. "I started out in tennis shoes," he says, "but they were worse than bare feet, so I took them off. At about 7:30, I wound up in Gray's living room with bloody feet and handed him the letter. It was mostly to work off steam. I think I *walked* back after that."

The next fall, Koch became a resident student at Putney, a school known for its fine cross-country skiing program headed by John Caldwell, then head coach of the U.S. national Nordic team. Caldwell's son Tim would soon become Koch's toughest U.S. rival as well as a friend. The school also had a student and cross-country skier named Katie Tobey. "She was irresistible," says Koch, "a very warm and caring person. I knew right away she was *it* for me."

"He was so confident in knowing what he wanted even then," says Katie. "He let nothing stand in his way. He hasn't changed. He's still just as determined, though as husband and father he now can compromise when it's essential." Bill and Katie were married in 1977 during Koch's break from racing.

After his return to competition the following year, Koch was increasingly at odds with Hall. As he sees it, Hall was an overbearing coach who made decisions without consulting him. "He couldn't accept the fact that I wanted my own way of doing things," says Koch.

When Hall resigned as Nordic coach after the 1978 season, he blamed Koch for his decision to do so. "You cannot cater to one star," Hall said. "*He* was running the team."

"My job is to ski-race," says Koch. "Why do people expect athletes to be so subservient? I know what I'm doing. All I ask is that the coach gets me to the right races on time."

Unlike an alpine racer, it's *continued*

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difficult for a cross-country skier to hold his peak for more than a few weeks at a time, and a lot of long-range plans are needed to prepare for an event such as the world championships. Koch figures he is experienced enough to know exactly what his training needs are. He has built a number of strange contraptions in his basement, made of bicycle tire inner tubes, ropes, weights, boxes and boards, which are exercisers with very specific functions. The workout circuit that he does with them is what Koch calls his training secret. When skiing, he usually works on his technique. "I used to ski erect, up and down," he says. "Now I'm more extended."

"Bill has a nice relaxed bounce, as if he has an inner spring," says Gray. "He's not a mechanical skier. God, is he beautiful to watch!"

Koch supports his family primarily with "broken-time" payments that his ski supplier, Rossignol, funnels through the U.S. Ski Association. (These transactions are legal and don't affect the amateur status of a racer.) Koch gets this money from the ski company essentially for using their products. Because of Koch's recommendations, Rossignol has been able to build a better racing ski. "We had to," says the company's racing director, Daniel Mornet. "Bill is very demanding."

Koch's demands on himself finally seem to have paid off. He has a job, a family and a new, more lofty view of life. He has become a pilot and flies a small plane whenever he can afford it. He has taken his family on trips to Australia and New Zealand "looking for new frontiers." He also has become an architect of cross-country trails and spent much of the last two summers laying out trails near Telemark Lodge in Cable, Wis. and Labrador City, Newfoundland.

Last July, Koch could be found in a thicket outside Labrador City overseeing the bulldozing of a new 15-km trail he had designed for the local ski club. "I feel like an artist out here," he said exuberantly, "trying to make the trail flow with the terrain, trying to include scenes of special beauty—this waterfall here, some lovely lookouts by the lake. The trail should have a nice rhythm, smooth corners, nothing choppy, and a challenging downhill. It isn't easy to build a trail because you have to remain within certain parameters and yet come out within 150 meters of the requisite distance."

The trail is a smashing success: In November, when 70 U.S. and Canadian racers joined Koch at Labrador City for a month of early on-snow training, they found not only scenic beauty and a downhill that caused them some trepidation, but also a course that was a mere 60 meters shy of the distance.

Koch is looking for new horizons in his ski racing, too. Last year he took time off from the regular World Cup cross-country circuit to give long-distance racing a try. It was a new experience; he had never been in a mass start before. In his first marathon, in which thousands of skiers competed over a 55-km. course at Rivière Rouge, Quebec, Koch made his break from the leading group too soon and Pauli Siitonen of Finland caught him and outsprinted him. "He really nailed me," says Koch. Next came the celebrated 89-km. Vasaloppet in Sweden, a stampede of some 12,000 racers. Soon after the start, Koch was rammed against a post and broke a pole. By the time a spectator supplied a new one, Koch was in about 500th place. "I blew by people going uphill," he says, "and when I caught up with the leaders after five kilometers, I felt like I had raced a relay leg—and I still had 84 kilometers to go." He finished a respectable seventh.

By the time Koch got to the Engadin, the 42-km. race in St. Moritz, Switzerland in mid-March, he was a seasoned marathoner. Again there was a field of 12,000, this time starting in a blizzard. But it was also warm, and everybody had wax problems. "I had put on something gooey and it just iced up," he says. "I was barely able to hang on." But he did, and when the track turned into corn snow, Koch's gooey wax wore off. From about the halfway point he was able to skate very fast—skating, removing one ski from the track and pushing off the ski's inside edge in an ice-skating motion, is something he does particularly well—and soon left most of the pack behind. Only France's Jean-Paul Pierrat, the bronze medalist in the 50 km. at the 1978 World Championships, remained in front. "I skated behind him, yelling 'Go! Go!' " says Koch. "It worked perfectly. We made a clean break." With only 500 meters to go, Koch made his move. Pierrat hung on for 100 meters, then broke. Koch went on, humping with all his might, alone, in front, all the way to the finish. Which is the way he likes to do things. **END**

Reid (right) takes no sabbaticals on defense.

by Anthony Cotton

The Rockets need a lift

Injuries, dissension, even God, seem to be working against the '81 finalists

There was a time, way back at the start of this NBA season, when opponents actually got psyched up to play the Houston Rockets. The Rockets had been the surprise winners of the Western Conference crown last spring and took the heavily favored Boston Celtics to six games before losing in the championship series. Soon thereafter they bolstered their front line by acquiring Forward Elvin Hayes, a 12-time All-Star, from the Washington Bullets. When they opened this season with a pulsating 113–112 double overtime win at Los Angeles before a national television audience, their future looked bright indeed. And then Houston self-destructed into a club that Coach Del Harris calls "another struggling under-.500 team that everyone wants to play."

At week's end, the Rockets were still losing, Harris was squabbling with several players—most notably Hayes—and something had to be done. An air-clearing team meeting preceded a 108–101 win over lowly San Diego Saturday, but the Rockets were still only 13–18 on the season and in third place in the Midwest Division, eight games behind league-leading San Antonio. In 1980-81 Houston finished the regular season at 40–42, just good enough to qualify for the playoffs, this season the Rockets will probably have to do a lot better to even have a shot at another Cinderella story. Because of the concentration of power in the Pacific Division, where five of six teams are above .500, it's more likely that the only Western Conference qualifier from the Midwest will be the division winner.

Harris points to a number of statistics to explain Houston's plight. By last weekend, despite leading the league in offensive rebounds and attempting more shots than anyone but the Lakers and Kings, the Rockets were only 19th in scoring. Their 46% shooting from the floor was the third worst in the league, and they were last from the line, at 68%. Last year's numbers were 49% and 77%, respectively. The only Rocket above the team average in both categories was Center Moses Malone—51% from the field and 75% at the line. And there are no statistics that measure tenacity. "We got good last year when all of us had been traded or fired by the public," Harris says. "From that point we were like soldiers on the front line. We could look at the next man in the foxhole and depend on him to help stop the enemy."

Some of the Rockets turned out to be summer casualties. Billy Paultz, a reliable frontcourtman, sustained a preseason back injury, and the trade for Hayes has limited his playing time. Guard Tom Henderson, last season's quarterback down the stretch, had added some 20 pounds to his already unsvelte body by the time training camp began. He's still not in top shape, and before a 19-minute stint against the Clippers Saturday, he had played only 10 minutes in the Rockets' previous eight games. His running mate, Mike Dunleavy, has been slowed by a pulled stomach muscle.

Another factor undermining the special chemistry Houston had last spring is the knowledge on the part of eight Rocket players that their contracts expire after this season. Houston's system is based on individual sacrifice, usually to that great Paint God, Malone. It's hard to negotiate a raise on seven points a game.

It's also hard to teach an old forward new tricks, which means Hayes isn't helping matters. A poor passer who was never known as a selfless player in his heyday, Hayes was dealt to Houston for two second-round draft choices as part of Washington's rebuilding program. The Rockets, who have never broken attendance records in football-crazy Houston, may have figured bringing the Big E back to his college town to play for his old team—he began his stellar pro career with the San Diego Rockets in 1968-69—would inspire him. It seems now there may have been nothing left to turn on. With his 13.7 scoring average, 45.9% shooting and eight rebounds a game, the 36-year-old Hayes has done little but clog up Malone's territory inside.

Nonetheless, Harris feels the Rockets have taken too long to adjust to the changes in the lineup. "What works for you one year won't automatically work the next," he says. "Through the course of a season every team makes adjust-

continued

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ments, whether it's in first place or last. If not, you'd still have Russell, Cousy and Sharman playing for the Celtics."

Robert Reid is one of the few Rockets with a binding contract for next season, but more than a $300,000 salary was on his mind when he quit the Rockets for 12 days and five games after a 110–98 win over Portland on Dec. 5. A member of the Pentecostal Church, Reid left to sort out conflicts between his faith and work, which among the religion's strictest adherents would be considered a worldly influence and, therefore, evil.

Some of the more devout Pentecostals won't let their children participate in school gym classes because the required attire goes against their code of modest dress. Reid was able to justify wearing his red Rockets shorts, but he was having trouble with other, unspecified things in the NBA life-style.

A second-round 1977 draft choice from tiny St. Mary's University in San Antonio, Reid has improved every season. In 1980-81 his averages of 15.9 points and 7.1 rebounds per game were second only to those of Malone on the team, while Reid led the Rockets in steals. A 6′ 8″ swingman, he received national acclaim for the defensive job he did in the NBA finals on Larry Bird, holding the Celtics ace to 15.3 points per game, nearly six under his season average. In Games 3 and 4 of the championship series, Bird scored just three baskets and eight points in each outing.

Reid never had any doubts about his ability. "When I left San Antonio to report to camp, all I had in my pocket was $20," he says. "The fare from the airport was $23. I told the driver, 'Give me your name and address. I'm going to be playing for the Rockets and you've got two tickets for the first game.' "

Reid says all the attention he attracted with his playoff performance contributed to his moral dilemma. "People started to recognize me after games," he says. "I'd let my chest swell up a bit at all the fame.

"Pretty soon any door is open to you just because you're an athlete. Some guys go through every door; some doors were open that I went through and didn't feel very good about afterwards. A Christian should be able to say, 'This is one door I can't go through.' "

Reid admits now that his decision to leave the Rockets wasn't fair to his teammates or the Houston management, and that his mother, Blondell, a Pentecostal minister in San Antonio, had nothing to do with his departure. "No one understood what was going on inside me, but people needed something to pin my leaving on and my mother was an easy scapegoat," Reid says. "People freak out when it's something they can't handle, and that's how they feel about sanctified people. We are peculiar in the way we dress and the way we act. People see a sanctified person and say, 'There goes one of them Holy Rollers.' They make fun because they don't understand it."

The 44-year-old Harris, who was a preacher for 10 years, beginning at age 17, says he wouldn't presume that he knows "just what Robert was going through, but I can understand it as well as anyone else. Your mind is 80 percent on the game and 20 percent elsewhere. Then you go home and it's 60 here and 40 there and you become fragmented and can't be true to anything. I think it took guts to take the time to go and find out about yourself like Robert did. I also think the timing could have been better, like in the summer."

For a while last week, Harris seemed to be hoping that Hayes would take a sabbatical of his own. Earlier in the season Harris and the Big E, who's still an effective shot blocker, had argued about the amount of playing time Hayes was getting, but thereafter an uneasy truce held until a 102–93 loss to Atlanta on Dec. 29. After sitting out for most of the final quarter, Hayes sounded off again, "I came down here to play, but I'm not playing. I'm a much better player than I've been here."

The next night, with four minutes left in the fourth quarter of what would become a five-point loss to San Antonio, Harris called for Hayes to enter the game. The Big E seemed to hesitate before getting up to report to the scorer's table. When he finally arose, Harris told him to sit back down. Hayes's version is that Harris didn't give him a chance to respond to the call. "If you're any kind of player and you're going to get four minutes of time," Harris said, "you should *want* it to be the last four."

After Saturday's team meeting, peace seemed to be at hand. "You can measure a season by games or by the crises a team goes through," Harris says. "The important thing is how you respond to the problems: Do you learn from them or do you respond negatively and destroy your team?"

"I came here because I saw it as a chance to get another ring," Hayes says. "Del and I have been confused about what role I'm to play in achieving that goal. Things have been straightened out, and we can go on from here."

Henderson, one of Hayes's teammates on the Bullets' 1978 championship club, believes from experience that communication isn't crucial. "For a year and a half Dick Motta [then the Washington coach] and I didn't speak to each other. I was quarterbacking his team, but not one word passed between us."

The Rockets can only hope that silence is golden again. **END**

Malone (left) and E, obviously delighted to be teammates.

The bad luck of the Irish

by Barry McDermott

With only one blue-chipper Notre Dame is off to its worst start since '72

Digger has already picked his next crop.

Digger Phelps was listing as he paced painfully around his office last week, transformed by a bad back and a deformed record into a latter-day hunchback of Notre Dame. The normally effervescent Phelps looked glum as he ticked off the names of the recruits who had gotten away, players who could have made him and the Irish stand tall.

Lean times come to the Notre Dame athletic department. First the football team suffered through a 5–6 season. Now the basketball team, which had qualified for the NCAA tournament 11 of the past 13 years, is foundering. At week's end, the Irish were 2–6, their wins coming against St. Joseph's and Valparaiso, a pair of small schools in Indiana. Before Christmas they lost consecutive home games to Murray State, 56–54, and Northern Illinois, 70–65. Or was it Murray Illinois and Northern State? The Golden Dome isn't peeling, but it sure is tarnished.

To understand how a school that has had so much success could suddenly find itself in such dire straits one must realize that college coaches are primarily recruiters. After all, you have to dance with whom you brung. And of late, only one blue-chip high school player, Guard John Paxson, has come waltzing Notre Dame's way. "It's like trying to cut a wheat field with a lawn mower," says Forrest Miller, a sportswriter for the *South Bend Tribune*.

Just how bad is the situation in South Bend? First, Center Tim Andree has been plagued all year by a stress fracture in his left foot, which he packs in ice every evening. Andree holds the dubious distinction of having committed five fouls in 15 minutes against Murray State. His backup is Cecil Rucker, a forward. It gets worse. Only three players stand taller than 6′ 7″, including senior Gary Grassey, one of two emergency walk-ons Phelps culled from what the Notre Dame basketball press guide calls the school's "rough and tumble" intramural league.

Overall, the Irish are two or three players from having the lineup needed for the 20-victory record that Phelps bravely—brazenly?—predicted for them before the season began. Lacking those players—a healthy center, a big forward and help for Paxson in the backcourt—Phelps has resorted to even more gimmickry than usual, trying everything from slowdowns to slogans and inspirational songs to motivational speeches.

Phelps, who began the season with a 10-year record of 206–84 at Notre Dame, also has put in a call for the cavalry, but it won't arrive until next year, when four highly touted high school stars are expected to enroll. He has never picked recruits so early, and his doing so now is perhaps a sign that he has written off this season as irretrievable. Lately Phelps has been spending a lot of time studying the results of other teams' games and figuring out that the Irish play 11 games against teams currently ranked in the SI Top 20.

The immediate cause of Notre Dame's fall from grace is the loss of seven lettermen from the 1980-81 club that defeated San Francisco, Kentucky, Virginia and eventual NCAA champion Indiana. This formidable aggregation went 23–5 before losing by one point to BYU in the East Regional semifinals of the NCAA tournament. Three of the graduated players, Kelly Tripucka, Orlando Woolridge and Tracy Jackson, now are performing in the NBA and occasionally calling Phelps to offer condolences.

As if that trio's departure wasn't enough, Notre Dame was further hurt by the defection of 6′ 11″ Joe Kleine, who averaged 31.3 points as a high school senior in Slater, Mo. but only 2.6 points as a Notre Dame freshman last season. Unhappy with his limited role in the Irish offense, Kleine transferred to Arkansas.

But well before Kleine packed his bags, Phelps knew he was in for some hard times, because he had never lost three starters in one swoop. Even when such stars as Adrian Dantley or Toby Knight moved on, Phelps always had replacements groomed. This time, however, Phelps opened the lockers for preseason practice and no new All-Americas fell out. "We took some chances in recruiting the last few years," he says, "and we lost."

Specifically, while Phelps was wooing a most select group of high school prospects the past few years, he passed up opportunities to sign other players of only slightly less stature. Several of those blue-chippers whom Phelps sought, including Steve Stipanovich of Missouri, Darren Daye of UCLA, Jim Master of Kentucky and Greg Dreiling of Wichita

State, had Notre Dame on their lists to the end, but all decided to go elsewhere.

Not surprisingly, considering the season Notre Dame is having, Phelps has been getting calls from disgruntled players at other schools who see a niche for themselves in South Bend. He has even gotten inquiries from three players on a nationally ranked team about transferring. But as hard up as he is, Phelps can't oblige. "We don't accept transfers, we don't redshirt people and we don't take junior-college kids," he says.

This explanation doesn't wash with the angry letter writers and disgruntled souls who have been waiting years to jump on Phelps's back. His glad-handing and glib manner never have sat well with many Notre Dame supporters. The grumblers contend that Phelps has become more concerned with style than substance, that he is enamored of such outside interests as doing television shows, coaching clinics and giving seminars and speeches rather than of the nuts and bolts of recruiting. Why, they carp, his office doesn't even have any basketball memorabilia on display. "It does look like a gallery," says Phelps, surveying his artwork, which includes a couple of Van Gogh prints.

Most coaches in the throes of such an abysmal year might keep a moving van parked in the driveway, but Phelps has no worries about job security. The Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, sent him a Christmas note pledging support, and in a speech at the school's football banquet last month, Hesburgh said, "It [athletics] is a game, no more, no less."

Last week, while Phelps wrestled with the prospect of facing four Top 10 teams in the next five games, Gerry Faust, the Irish football coach, popped into Phelps's office. "The other night I was in the stands and a guy was really getting on you," Faust told Phelps. "He kept yelling, 'Coach 'em during the week, too, Digger.' Finally I said to him, 'Boy, I bet you really got on me during football.' He looked at me a second. 'Yeah, I did,' he said."

Both Faust and Phelps are well aware that not since 1963-64 has Notre Dame had losing basketball and football teams in the same year. The cynical might point out that the Irish had different basketball and football coaches the following season, but that's misleading because Hugh Devore, the football coach in '63, had been hired on an interim basis.

As the Notre Dame losses have mounted, Phelps has restructured his priorities. "Not that I didn't work hard before," he says, "but now I'm more determined than ever to win a national championship before I leave. I really want to coach. Forget television, forget the pros. Something like this year makes you realize that."

Meanwhile, he's doing all that he can to salvage this season—if not its record, then at least its spirit, which is decidedly hangdog. Phelps passes out T shirts that read THE RAT PACK IS BACK, the name of a band of smooth operators in the movie *Ocean's 11*, and Forward Tom Sluby's tape player usually is blaring the team's theme song, *Don't Stop Believing*. But without Kleine and with Andree hobbled, the 6′ 4″ Sluby and 6′ 6″ Bill Varner, the other starting forward, aren't large enough for big-time rebounding these days. In a 75–49 loss to UCLA, for instance, the Irish were outrebounded by better than a 2–1 ratio.

On Dec. 29 against Kentucky in Louisville's Freedom Hall, Phelps sought to upset the mammoth Wildcats with another wrinkle, the walkman offense. During one tedious second-half possession, Notre Dame made 213 passes while Phelps crouched on the sidelines shouting, "I love it! I love it!"

His delay tactics nearly worked. The Irish held Kentucky to just five points in the second half, none in the final 9:45 of regulation play, and only 76% field-goal shooting enabled the Wildcats to salvage a 34–28 overtime victory.

Later that night, at a team dinner, Phelps announced, "We're a different team now, and we *will* beat Missouri Saturday in Kansas City." But against the Tigers it was the same old story: no rebounding, no bench, no win. Missouri quickly forced Notre Dame out of its ball-control tactics with a pressing man-to-man defense and then played keep-away inside as the Irish lost 92–70. Clearly, another comment Phelps made last week was a more accurate assessment of Notre Dame's prospects. "It looks as if I'm going to keep a lot of coaches in their jobs this year."

Phelps got Paxson (23), but missed a shot at Master.

THE WEEK

(Dec. 28-Jan. 4)

by ROGER JACKSON

MIDEAST Just as it had last season, the SEC game between Kentucky and Georgia in Athens went down to the wire. And, just as they did last year, the Wildcats pulled out a victory. Kentucky beat Georgia 68–66 on Melvin Turpin's at-the-buzzer tip-in. The Wildcats had to overcome a seven-point deficit in the second half and a 28-point performance by the Bulldogs' Dominique Wilkins. "I felt Kentucky capitalized on our mistakes," said Wilkins. "We didn't do what we had to do late in the game and they did." The defeat was Georgia's second straight in the conference.

After both of Tennessee's starting guards, 6′ 3″ Gary Carter and 6′ 2″ Ed Littleton, flunked out of school following the fall quarter, the Vols were written off as contenders for the SEC title. But against previously unbeaten Alabama, Tennessee made 68.6% of its shots and forced the Crimson Tide into numerous bad shots and turnovers en route to an 88–67 victory. "You don't get a win like this very often," said Tennessee Coach Don

continued

DeVoe. "This makes coaching fun." The Vols were paced by Dale Ellis, who scored 27 points, and their new backcourt tandem of Michael Brooks and Tyrone Beaman, who combined for 21 points and eight assists and outplayed the Tide's heralded guards, Ennis Whatley and Mike Davis.

Minnesota was a big winner on one court and in another. In Minneapolis the Gophers routed Army 79–37 and Arizona 91–62 to win the last Pillsbury Classic. They have won the tournament all eight years it has been played. They then beat Long Beach State 75–67 as Randy Breuer and Trent Tucker combined for 47 points, and Breuer's tough defense held 49er Center Dino Gregory, who had a 22-point average coming into the game, to 14. But Minnesota got its biggest boost from U.S. District Judge Miles Lord. He issued a temporary restraining order that allowed Mark Hall, a three-year starter at guard, to rejoin the team on Monday. Aware that he would be ineligible this season because of grade deficiencies, Hall attended summer school to improve his average. Although he raised it enough to remain eligible, the university denied him admission to a degree-granting program, a requirement for participating in NCAA competition. Lord ruled that the school failed to follow proper procedures in evaluating Hall's application to enter such a program.

Two freshmen, 6′ 11″ Forward Michael Payne and Guard Todd Berkenpas, helped Iowa defeat Drake 60–49. With seniors Kevin Boyle and Kenny Arnold in shooting slumps, Payne and Berkenpas, who scored 18 and 12 points, respectively, were game-savers. "I've always thought that most freshmen couldn't help you that much until they got experience," said Hawkeye Coach Lute Olson, "but we were lucky tonight that we had a freshman eligibility rule."

After DePaul beat Louisville 75–68, Blue Demon Forward Terry Cummings, who had scored a career-high 37 points, said, "I love to play the Louisvilles, but not every day. It may be in our best interest to play the Illinois States right now, because our young players need time to mature." Illinois State forced them to grow up faster than expected as DePaul squandered an early 12-point lead and was up by only three, 42–39, before outscoring the Redbirds 25–17 in the final 14 minutes to win 74–58. Cummings, who averaged 24 points and 12.4 rebounds in the Blue Demons' first 10 games, got 24 points in this one. Two nights later he had 25 and a team-high 10 rebounds in a 55–46 victory over Northern Illinois. Against Penn State at home, Cummings scored only 14 points, but Forward Bernard Randolph had 17 in the first half and Teddy Grubbs added 12 in the second to lift DePaul to an 86–60 win.

Glenn Rivers and Michael Wilson combined for 50 points and held Loyola of Chicago's star guard, Darius Clemons, to four as Marquette whipped the Ramblers 81–69. In a Sun Belt Conference game Virginia Commonwealth gave its volatile coach, J.D. Barnett, his 100th career victory by edging archrival University of Alabama at Birmingham 55–54.

Houston's star Guard Robert Williams was having a horrendous Sugar Bowl tournament—he would end up shooting 25% from the field—so Cougar Coach Guy Lewis knew that against LSU in the final he would need a superlative performance from his 7-foot Nigerian import, Akeem (Jellybean) Olajuwon, if the Cougars were to leave New Orleans with the trophy. Jellybean delivered, scoring 20 points and blocking a shot with seven seconds to play that might have sent the game into overtime. Following the Cougars' 73–69 victory, Lewis said, "I'd sure like to come back to the Superdome for the Final Four."

SI TOP 20

1.	N. CAROLINA (8–0)	1 *
2.	VIRGINIA (11–0)	7
3.	KENTUCKY (8–1)	2
4.	TULSA (8–1)	6
5.	DEPAUL (10–1)	12
6.	SAN FRANCISCO (11–1)	4
7.	IOWA (8–1)	9
8.	MINNESOTA (8–1)	8
9.	LOUISVILLE (7–2)	5
10.	MISSOURI (9–0)	13
11.	GEORGETOWN (11–2)	19
12.	WICHITA STATE (9–2)	3
13.	ARKANSAS (8–1)	10
14.	ALABAMA (9–1)	11
15.	HOUSTON (9–1)	—
16.	ST. JOHN'S (N.Y.) (9–1)	—
17.	IDAHO (11–0)	—
18.	OREGON STATE (8–2)	17
19.	N.C. STATE (10–1)	20
20.	VILLANOVA (8–2)	16

* Last week

EAST Before Kentucky faced North Carolina in an early battle for the top spot in the polls, Dean Smith, the Tar Heels' ever-cautious coach, said he hoped the Wildcats' bruising strength wouldn't "blow us out." Instead, it was North Carolina that did the blowing away in an 82–69 defeat of Kentucky before 18,116 fans at New Jersey's Byrne Arena and a national TV audience. The Tar Heels' top performers were James Worthy, who had 26 points, eight rebounds and six assists, and Sam Perkins, who contributed 21 points and 11 rebounds. Asked what his club would have to do to beat North Carolina, 'Cats Coach Joe B. Hall said, "Shoot better, play defense better and rebound better." And have the services of 7-foot center Sam Bowie, who's still recovering from a fractured right tibia.

The turning point in the championship game of the Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch* tournament came with 7:30 to play and Virginia clinging to a 46–43 lead over previously unbeaten James Madison. When the Cavaliers' Ralph Sampson converted a lob pass into a two-handed stuff, Referee Phil Bova of the Big Ten charged him with a technical foul for hanging on to the rim. The call annoyed Sampson, so when Bova whistled another T 21 seconds later on Virginia Forward Craig Robinson for grabbing the rim on a breakaway dunk, Sampson was livid. "I don't know about the Big Ten, but those were ACC dunks," he said. No matter. James Madison made just one of the two technical-foul shots. The Dukes wouldn't score another point, as the Cavaliers pulled away to a 57–44 win. Sampson, the tournament MVP, finished with 22 points and 14 rebounds. Three nights later, in Charlottesville, he got 15 points and 14 rebounds as Virginia beat the Dukes again, 73–65. This time James Madison made three more field goals than the Cavaliers but was outscored 25–11 at the line. "You don't like to see any good team too often," said Virginia Coach Terry Holland, who probably took the words out of the mouths of the Dukes.

"I don't like a lot of things reporters say about me," said Georgetown's 7-foot freshman center, Patrick Ewing, in a Jan. 1 interview with *The Washington Post*. "They write things without really knowing me. They just write to have something to say." Those were his first words to the press following the embargo Hoya Coach John Thompson traditionally puts on media contact with his freshman players during their first semester in school. With the media restrictions still intact four days earlier at the Rochester (N.Y.) Classic—Thompson even refused to let the Georgetown sports information director stay at the team's hotel for fear the press would use him to gain introductions to Hoya players—Ewing gave reporters plenty to write about by scoring 20 points, getting 13 rebounds and blocking six shots as the Hoyas routed Niagara 77–49 to win the tournament for the third time. Ewing's domination at both ends of the floor earned him the respect, if not the admiration, of rival pivotmen. "I've never seen anything like it," said 6′ 9″ Niagara Forward Mike Howse. "His agility was amazing. I couldn't do anything but just watch." However, Columbia's 6′ 6″, 230-pound Tom Brecht did more than watch. In the first half of the Lions' semifinal game with Georgetown, Brecht and Ewing spent most of their time pushing and shoving each other and trading elbows. "I had to do something to take his mind off the game," said Brecht. Neither Brecht's muscle nor Columbia's slowdown worked as the Hoyas came out on top 38–26.

St. John's won the Holiday Festival in

continued

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New York City for the fifth time, defeating Villanova 94–89 after nearly blowing a 17-point lead with 7:37 to go. The Redmen advanced to the final with a 76–75 victory over Kansas. In that game reserve Guard Kevin Williams, who scored all of his 12 points in the second half, got the deciding ones on a three-point play with 26 seconds remaining. Defending NCAA champion and tournament favorite Indiana lost 63–59 to Villanova and 71–61 to Kansas. Leading the Jayhawks against the Hoosiers was Forward David Magley, who scored a career-high 32 points.

The name of the event in Portland, Maine was the J.C. Best Tournament. The three teams in the field with favored Alabama—combined record 4–15—didn't live up to the billing. The Crimson Tide got 24 points from 6′ 9″ freshman Bobby Lee Hurt in an 84–62 defeat of Delaware in the first round and then rallied to beat Maine 77–61 in the finals.

In ACC play, North Carolina State defeated Clemson 75–59 as Wolfpack Guard Derek Whittenberg scored 18 points, and Wake Forest beat Georgia Tech 74–56.

Iowa used an aggressive 1–3–1 zone defense and a deliberate offense to defeat South Carolina 57–47. The Hawkeyes played without their leading scorer, Guard Bob Hansen (15.3 points per game), but Guard Steve Carfino and Forward Mark Gannon picked up the slack, putting in 15 points apiece.

MIDWEST Ordinarily, Mike Krzyzewski, Duke's second-year coach, is a disciple of the man-to-man defense favored by his mentor, Indiana's Bobby Knight. But against Louisville Krzyzewski tried a 2–3 zone similar to the one DePaul had used in its 75–68 victory over the Cardinals on Dec. 26. "If I were Duke and saw the way we played against DePaul, I'd have used a zone, too," said Louisville Coach Denny Crum. Midway through the first half, Krzyzewski's strategy seemed to be paying off. The Blue Devils trailed by only four points. But the Cardinals then outscored Duke 27–2 to take a 54–27 lead at the half. Louisville, which was ahead by as many as 49 points in the second half, went on to win 99–61 as six Cardinals were in double figures.

Wichita State's 63–50 defeat of New Mexico State was the Shockers' fourth game in six days, and it showed. "We were mentally tired from the Hawaii [Rainbow Classic] trip and the 14-hour flight home," said Wichita State Coach Gene Smithson. "We were mentally low from the losses in Hawaii." In the first half the Shockers were unable to solve the Aggies' tight 1–2–2 zone and hit only 31.2% from the field. But after intermission Guard James Gibbs and Forward Mike Jones helped break the New Mexico State zone with long-range gunning, and Wichita State clamped a 3–2 zone of its own on the Aggies, forcing them into several bad shots.

Tulsa had a rough time with intrastate rival Oklahoma. Trailing 91–80 with 8:30 to play, the Golden Hurricane had to score 10 unanswered points and get a basket from Forward Steve Ballard at the buzzer to pull out a 98–96 win. Tulsa played without two starters, Forward David Brown, lost until late January with an injured right knee, and Guard Phil Spradling, who underwent an emergency appendectomy two days before the game. Hurricane Guard Paul Pressey, who entered the game with a 10-point average, finished with 31 points, five of his teammates also scored in double figures.

After routing nonconference opponent Kent State 91–49, previously undefeated Arkansas lost 79–74 to Texas Tech in the opening Southwest Conference game for both teams. To beat the Razorbacks for the first time since 1976, the Red Raiders had to overcome a 56–47 deficit with 11:41 remaining. The win gave surprising Tech a 9–2 record.

WEST At the start of the Rainbow Classic in Honolulu, Rice was considered the tournament patsy. After all, the Owls hadn't had a winning season in a decade, and they had been picked to finish eighth in the nine-team Southwest Conference. But when the Owls defeated Hawaii 69–59 to advance to the semifinals against undefeated and fourth-ranked San Francisco, a team that had beaten them by 16 points one week earlier, Rice Coach Tony Suitts said, "We just looked up and there was us and three undefeated Top 20 teams. That really got the guys sky high." The Owls didn't return to earth until they had won the tournament by shocking the Dons 78–66 and 20th-ranked North Carolina State 51–47. After his team had snapped the Wolfpack's nine-game winning streak, Suitts said, "We were so bad for so long that I don't know if the people back home will believe this."

The big gun for Rice was Forward Ricky Pierce, the tournament MVP. Pierce scored 40 points against Hawaii, 15 against San Francisco and 23 against N.C. State, including a left-handed baseline layup with four minutes left that gave the Owls the lead for good. "The baseline move was a work of art," said Wolfpack Coach Jim Valvano. Wichita State, which arrived in Honolulu ranked No. 3, lost two of three games. After a 70–67 defeat of Cal State-Fullerton, the Shockers lost 60–48 to N.C. State, 84–74 to USF.

In another big upset, Idaho won the Far West Classic in Portland, Dre. After beating Iowa State 88–68, the Vandals routed defending Pac-10 champ Oregon State 71–49. "If it hadn't been against my own club, I would have enjoyed the game immensely," said Beaver Coach Ralph Miller after watching Idaho's 2–3 zone disrupt Oregon State's fancy passing game. "The only bright spot for us was that the game got over." In the title round Idaho defeated Oregon 81–62. Ken Owens, the Vandals' point guard, who had a total of 69 points and 26 assists in three games, was named tournament MVP. Oregon State beat Portland 61–55 for third place and then routed Arizona State 74–43 to open the Pac-10 season.

After Penn State forced North Carolina into overtime before succumbing 56–50 in the first round of the Cable Car Classic in Santa Clara, Calif., Coach Dean Smith scolded his Tar Heels. Suitably chastised, North Carolina defeated Santa Clara 76–57 in the final. The Tar Heels played without Center Sam Perkins, who had twisted an ankle against the Nittany Lions. Forward James Worthy, who scored 19 points and had seven rebounds, and Guard Michael Jordan, who got 21 points, took up the slack.

With five seconds to play in the first half of the championship game of the Winston Tire Classic in Los Angeles, Missouri Forward Ricky Frazier was ejected for punching Southern Cal Forward Wayne Carlander in the eye. At that point Frazier had hit six of eight shots and grabbed four rebounds. Had he remained in the game the Tigers' margin of victory most certainly would have been greater than 65–58. "The score wasn't a true indicator of how they dominated," said Trojan Coach Stan Morrison. "It was our worst beating. We've improved in every game to date, except against Missouri."

After beating LSU 83–75 before 28,880 fans at the Superdome in New Orleans, UCLA returned home to rout Maryland 90–57. In that game Bruin Forward Slew Sanders got 23 points and 11 rebounds in only 24 minutes. The Bruins then visited Washington State, which defeated them 57–51 in triple overtime. "We let them beat us," said UCLA Coach Larry Farmer. "I thought we had matured enough as a team not to relax against anybody." The Bruins played the Cougars without Forward Cliff Pruitt, who quit the team earlier in the week and said he intended to transfer.

If you listen to Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian, Sid Green, his 6′ 9″ forward, bears a remarkable resemblance to the little girl with the curl. "If Sid has a good year, then we'll be good," says Tarkanian. "If Sid is great, then we'll be great. If Sid's just fair, I'm hoping we'll still be good." Against San Diego State, Green was great. He sank eight of 11 shots, finished with 22 points and had 13 rebounds as the Rebels won 77–71. Earlier, UNLV won its Holiday Classic by beating Texas A&M 83–76 in the final. **END**

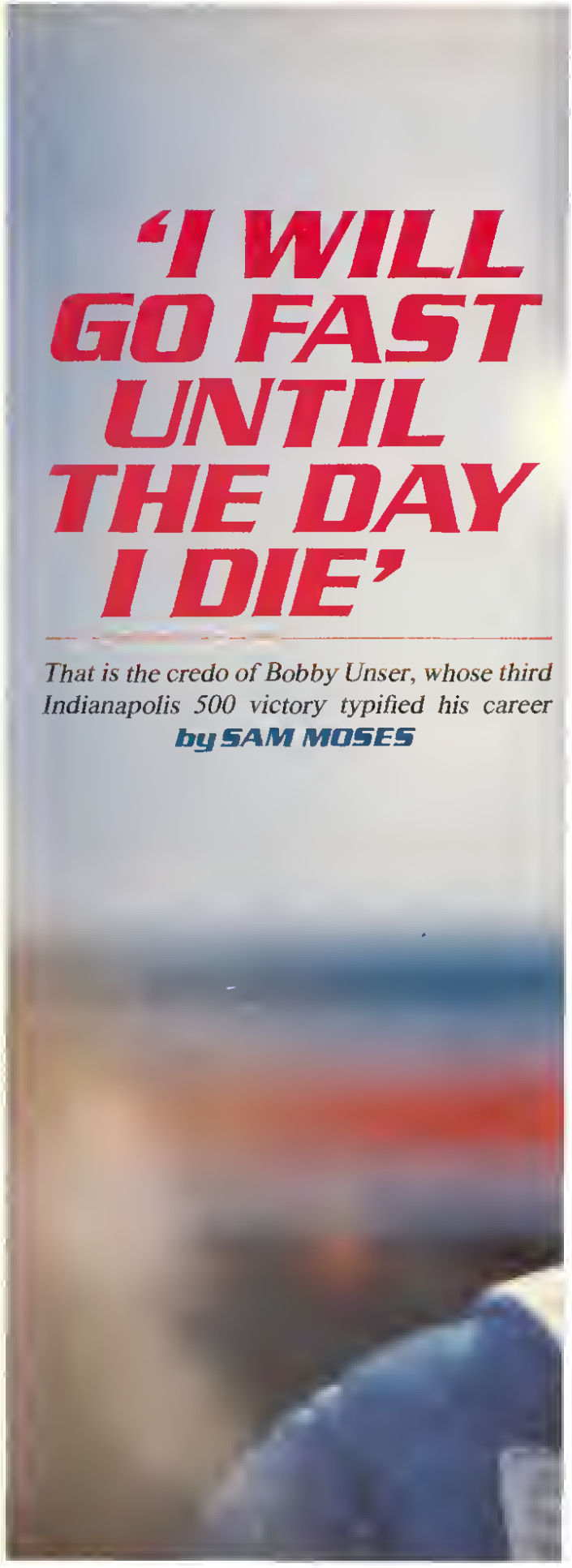
PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RICKY PIERCE: Rice's 6′ 5″ senior forward had a total of 78 points and 24 rebounds as the Owls stunned Hawaii, San Francisco and North Carolina State to win the Rainbow Classic in Honolulu.

'I WILL GO FAST UNTIL THE DAY I DIE'

That is the credo of Bobby Unser, whose third Indianapolis 500 victory typified his career

by SAM MOSES



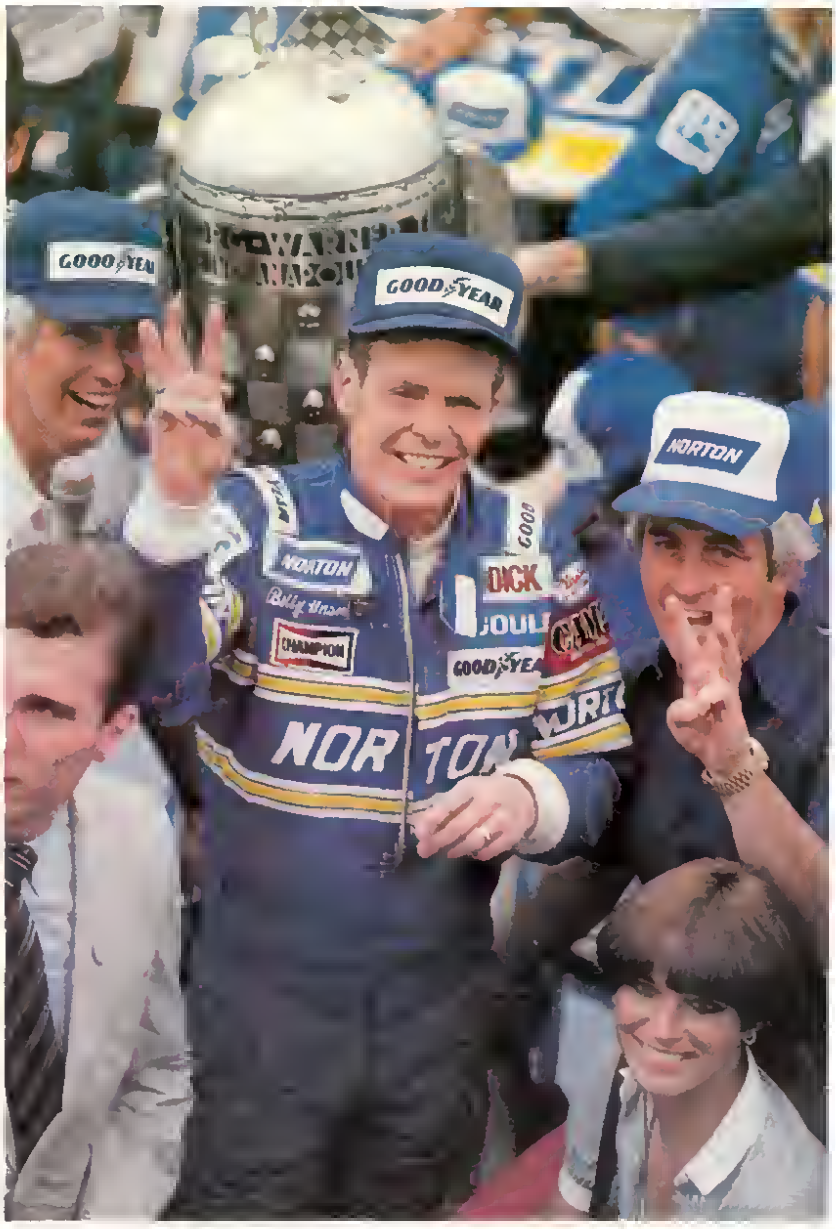
Old Route 66 crosses the New Mexico desert and feeds into the outskirts of Albuquerque. Back a bit from the highway is Bobby Unser's house, surrounded by sand, scrub and sage. Up the road is a tiny Mexican-American café, just down it is a drive-in theater that shows X-rated movies, and directly across it is a wrecking yard for trucks. Behind Unser's modern 15-room ranch house is the foundation of the two-room house in which he and his three brothers were raised—it was so crowded they often slept on the porch. Hard by the highway is the garage Jerry Unser, the boys' father, built when he moved his family from Colorado in 1937. Its location at the end of town is no accident; Mr. Unser wanted his to be the first garage westward migrants would see after they crossed the desert in their exhausted, overloaded and overheating automobiles.

On a crowded wall in a corner of the ranch house, next to the bar, hangs a small, framed message, written in 1951. It says:

Dear Daddy & Bobby.
Hang your foot in it and Don't let anyone push you around.
I love you.
Al & Mother

The note was a send-off for Bobby and his father before Bobby's first big race: the Carrera *continued*

ORTON



Unser and Penske (right) thought they had won the 1981 Indy, but bad news came the next day.

Pan Americana, 1,933 miles through Mexico, from the Guatemala border to the Texas border. Bobby drove and his father navigated their Jaguar sedan. Bobby's hand had been broken in a fight two nights earlier. They started 90th, and passed 67 cars on the first day. On the second day Bobby approached a mountain turn, an Alfa Romeo on his right, a 500-foot cliff on his left. The slower Alfa swerved toward the Jaguar and the cars banged fenders. The Unsers just missed going over the cliff; the Alfa smashed into the mountainside, and its driver was killed. Bobby kept going, down out of the mountains and into a village, the stone walls lining its narrow dirt streets flying by him at 100 mph. The wall outlining a 90-degree turn in the town square claimed the Jaguar. Seventeen-year-old Unser led the race at the time. Could brother Al, who was 12 when he wrote that note with his mother, ever have known what a perfect family motto he had created?

Raised on Route 66. Was it inevitable that the Unser brothers would become race drivers? Their father was a driver. Their Uncle Louis was a driver—a legendary one. Between 1926 and 1967 he raced up Pikes Peak 46 times in the annual Fourth of July hill climb, at times competing in more than one class. He was called the King of the Mountain, and he quit only when, at 72, the race officials made him. Their Uncle Joe was a driver—killed while practicing on the highway for the 1929 Indianapolis 500. Jerry, the oldest brother, was USAC stock-car champion in 1957 and was killed in a fiery crash at Indianapolis in 1959. Jerry's twin, Louis, twice won the stock-car class at Pikes Peak. He was an expert mechanic as well. In 1964 he discovered he had multiple sclerosis and switched full-time to engine building. Today he is confined to a wheelchair. Al, the youngest, is a three-time Indy 500 winner like Bobby and second on the alltime Indy-car victory list with 36, one ahead of Bobby. He lives on Route 66, too, across from Bobby's place and next to Toby's Truck City.

The career of Bobby Unser touches five decades; 1949 to 1982, 34 years a race driver. His road up was a tough, slow one. There were nearly 20 years of hard work and heavy dues before the big rewards started coming. First he was a young punk jalopy hotshot, as likely to get into a brawl as Victory Circle. In the 60s and 70s he campaigned sprint cars on the county fair circuits and displaced his Uncle Louis as King of Pikes Peak—breaking the old man's heart in the process—with 12 championships over its treacherous 12½ miles and 156 turns.

It took Bobby 13 years to get to Indianapolis. In his rookie year, 1963, he drove a brutish supercharged Novi that no one else wanted—and crashed on the third lap. In his second attempt at the Brickyard he crashed on the second lap. He won the 500 for the first time in 1968, and not until then could he afford to move for good out of the backseats of cars and into motel rooms. In 1975 he won the 500 again, a rain-shortened race that was stopped after 435 miles.

But it is Unser's third Indy 500 victory that will be remembered longest. He finished first at the Speedway last May, but the morning after the race he was penalized one lap for passing nine cars under a yellow flag and was placed second to Mario Andretti. Unser protested, lost, appealed, and four months later a special USAC panel voted 2–1 to change the penalty to a $40,000 fine. Thus his victory was restored. (At least for the moment. Andretti has now filed an appeal,

with the American arm of the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile, which oversees international racing. FIA is expected to decide on this appeal sometime this month.)

When Unser passed those nine cars on the pit apron while returning to the track under the yellow, it was in violation of a rule he knew to be vague and believed to be unenforceable. What this story is about, and what Bobby Unser's life is about—all those years of hanging his foot in it and not letting anyone push him around—was summed up in that pass.

Unser's earliest memory is of the train ride to Albuquerque when his father moved the family down from Colorado. The end of town where they settled was on the wrong side of the tracks; the Unser boys were "stomps," tough guys, and their enemies were "pachucos," tough Mexican-Americans. Knife fights were almost as common as fistfights. At 14 Bobby carried a .45, a possession so prized he had it chrome plated. The two-room house was full of holes from the brothers' rambunctiousness with guns. Bobby was drinking whiskey with the best of them at 16. His pet was a black Lab named Nick. "We never had to feed him," Bobby says. "He'd kill other dogs and eat them. About two a month."

When Jerry and Louie were 11, Bobby nine and Al five, they rebuilt a Model A pickup that was rusting behind the garage. They tore around the outside of the house in it, Baby Al sometimes bouncing out of the back onto the ground. At night they'd leave Al home and sneak into town in the truck, often to be chased home by the sheriff, who could never catch them because they would kill the lights and drive over a mesa, where they knew every ditch and rock.

At 15 Bobby began racing at Speedway Park in Albuquerque, and at 16 he was the hottest thing on the track. He drove a '31 Pontiac with a Cadillac engine, bumpers welded to its sides for protection against the bashing he gave it. His father made him maintain the car himself, and he spent hours in the garage, both rebuilding the car and pumping gas to pay for parts. When they didn't have any money, the brothers would cruise the parking lot at the races, equipped with a flashlight and wrenches, pecking under hoods until they found the part they needed. Sometimes they left a note.

Though Bobby kept improving as a driver, the road to the top was slow getting smoother. Sometimes he found himself at night between race tracks with an empty tank and no gas money. The solution was the nearest parked car and a siphon hose. "It was simply something I had to do to race," he says.

His easiest time may have been his 3½ years in the Air Force, though he hated it; taking orders is simply something Unsers aren't cut out to do. He enlisted impulsively in 1953 and quickly decided it was the dumbest thing he had ever done. But by exercising his artistry at the scam, he made out. When he was assigned to the Air Force automotive and electronics school in Cheyenne, Wyo., he discovered he could race nights. Brother Louie was his manager and mechanic—and his stand-in. Bobby had moved him into the barracks to reduce their expenses. Louie wore Bobby's fatigues, ate in the mess hall and floated around the base at will.

"I figure we could have gotten away with it forever if Louie just could've learned how to salute," Bobby recalls. "They're really hell on that sa- *continued*

Racing is the Unser family tradition: Bobby advises his son Junior, 25, . . .

. . . and gives some pointers to son Robby, a 14-year-old go-kart champ

luting in the service. Louie was going into the damn mess hall one day and walked right by this lieutenant. He got mad and told Louie to report to his office first thing the next morning. I had to go in there. You know, that dumb s.o.b. didn't even know the difference—and Louie and I don't even look alike! But word got around after that, so Louie had to move out."

The brothers operated a garage in Cheyenne, where they worked on the personal cars of the C.O., the duty sergeant and the secretary to the base commander. As a result, Unser never had weekend or night duty, which left him free to race. He and Louie would drive their '49 Ford to Denver, Boulder, Colorado Springs—sometimes racing four nights a week. With the prize money and income from the garage and virtually no expenses, Unser's pockets were full. So he expanded the scam. "I had a loan service on the base," he says. "It was a hell of a deal. I charged 100 percent interest a month. I was a barracks chief, so I traded favors to the other guys for taking care of me. They used to clean my room, make my bed, wake me up, bring me my meals. I'd come back from racing at two or three in the morning and my bed would be all turned down for me. And since I was working on the C.O.'s car and my duty sergeant's car for free, naturally they'd also cover up for me. Before long I had everybody paid off one way or another."

The trading of favors didn't stop there. After Cheyenne, Unser was assigned to Alaska, but he got that changed to Albuquerque after visiting a general who happened to be a race fan. Unser ended up working on the general's car while stationed in Albuquerque. He continued his racing career uninterrupted and became a star on the base. He made the rifle team and got additional privileges. (He is still an excellent shot; he sights in his rifle by picking birds off the television antenna on Al's house across the highway.) Bobby seldom had to report to the base, and he took weeks off without leave for racing trips. "All I had to do was keep shooting and racing—and working on the right people's cars," he says.

He got a hardship discharge, thereby getting out of the Air Force six months early, because of his father's health. ("All his life Daddy had been rode hard and put away wet.") A major at the base arranged that. The major had a nice '48 Ford.

Today Unser has a rather original international travel kit: a letter of introduction from a New Mexico senator, a stack of racing photos of himself, a gold deputy sheriff's badge. He says that's all he needs to get most anywhere, including across borders. He flashes the letter where the English may be a little slow or where such things impress. He uses the photos the way fat cats use ten-spots to grease their way, in particular at customs. And as for the badge, he says, "You wouldn't believe the mileage you can get out of a police badge."

The badge isn't counterfeit, nor is his possession of it illegitimate; he is a policeman of sorts. In the leather folder that holds his badge is a color photo of himself on which it says "Captain Bobby Unser." Officially, he is the Pursuit Driving Instructor for the Marion County, Ind. sheriff's department. What that means is that each May when he's in Indianapolis, he teaches the local police how to drive fast on the highway, as a favor.

A number of Unser's friends are New Mexico Highway Patrolmen—one of them first met him after a 130-mph chase. They visit his house in Albuquerque and hang out at his ranch near Chama, 180 miles to the north. They look after the places for him, and he looks after their patrol cars for them. He drives 90 mph up and down the state and doesn't worry about tickets.

When Unser says he has people paid off, he sees it merely as barter, a simple exchange of favors. If the favors are special privileges, so be it: They are available to anyone who is hard-working enough or smart enough to get them. To Bobby's way of thinking, anyone who *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER

The decor of Marsha and Bobby's home is racing inspired—including, in a way, the polar bear rug.

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Unser often chooses to treat his tender stomach with doses of his homemade fiery-hot green chili.

can earn or buy or con or trade for special treatment is entitled to it. He passionately believes that is how life should work—but doesn't often enough. It's the American way: If you can get around a rule, you deserve to.

It's a complex sort of elitism. Unser doesn't believe he *should* be treated differently, or that he's better than anyone else because he's Bobby Unser, but that whatever he gets is O.K. because he has made himself Bobby Unser. He's convinced of the rightness of whatever he does, and this conviction gives him complete confidence in his own ability to talk anyone into or out of anything. He once got stopped in Colorado for speeding downhill in a motor home with no license, towing a trailer with no brake lights, and talked the cop out of a ticket. Rick Mears, Unser's teammate on the Roger Penske Indy team for the past three years, says, "I've never known anyone who could convince you that black was white better than Bobby Unser." Says Unser's third wife, Marsha, "The man never loses a bet or an argument. He only bets when he knows something you don't, and he either wins it legitimately or because he has a loophole." It's his *relentlessness*: He won't take no for an answer, and he won't quit until he gets his way. "Bobby should have been a hunting dog," says one of his mechanics. Says another Penske teammate, "Hell no, he should have been a World War II tank commander in Africa."

Marsha called Bobby a "male chauvinist." He showed her chili and varmints. Now she times races.

One time the Unsers were driving through West Germany—Bobby and Marsha, Al and his wife, Karen, and "Mom" Unser (who died in 1975). Bobby saw a castle deep in a valley. "He couldn't believe it," says Marsha. "He was so excited. He said we had to go in and see it.

"It was closed, but that didn't stop Bobby, he wanted to see it anyhow. He drove the station wagon right up to the door. There was this big long rope hanging down, and Bobby tugged on it; I guess it rang a bell inside. Nobody answered, so he kept tugging on it and tugging on it; it must have been for 10 minutes. Finally this weird guy came out. It was like something out of an Alfred Hitchcock movie, I mean this guy was *eerie*.

"Bobby said, 'We want to see your house,' and the guy said, 'No, closed, come back July.' Bobby said, 'I *can't* come back in July, I want to see it now.' The guy was still saying no, no, go away, and Bobby told me to go to the car and get some racing pictures. So I got Bobby's briefcase and Al's briefcase and came back with some pictures of each of them. The guy recognized the name—it's so German, anyhow—he must have been a race fan. He saw those pictures and said, 'Oh, yes, O.K.,' and he took us in."

"He gave us the whole tour," says Bobby. "I mean, it was the *real thing*. The whole shooting match. It had towers, a moat, it had a drawbridge, it had one of them iron doors with spikes that drops down. He even showed us the dungeon; it was just a big hole in the stone floor. I mean they just dropped people down in there and forgot about them *forever*."

But what most impressed Unser was a suit of 13th-century armor. "It was just like they use in the movies about knights, only it was the real thing," he says. "But what I'll never figure is how it got

continued

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through the war without getting stolen. I mean, you know damn good and well if you had a chance to take one of them armor suits, you'd take it."

In the pasture next to Unser's 125-acre ranch in Chama there is a landing strip for his single engine Cessna 206. He built the strip himself, using a grader that had been left unattended beside the road. He's been commandeering loose construction equipment ever since he and Al, as boys, flooded Route 66 when a valve stuck open on a water truck they had borrowed from the city. "If they didn't want me to use those things they wouldn't leave the keys in them," he says. He believes it. And one can hear him saying, "If they didn't want me to pass those nine cars they wouldn't have left me the opportunity." And believing it.

From Chapter 1 of *The Bobby Unser Story*, by Joe Scalzo and Bobby Unser: "Drivers under the yellow were always trying to improve their position by making up time on cars ahead of them, and a few got caught. If you were a big name they wouldn't say anything about it. If you weren't, they'd nail you. . . . About the only car [the chief steward] really wouldn't do anything about was the leader's. The leader got away with murder just because he was the leader."

Unser was speaking about the pacer-light system for keeping cars separated at Indy when the yellow flag was out, which was abandoned at Indy in 1978. Now cars are allowed to pack up behind the leader. But only the system has changed, *not* the drivers' attitudes toward beating it. What Unser did at the 1981 500 was what race drivers do: push things to the limit. He was merely one push bolder than the rest, which is precisely how he has led his life. Hang your foot in it and Don't let anyone push you around. Take whatever you think you can get away with, and if you get away with it, it must be right.

Unser goes one step beyond believing that a man is innocent until proved guilty. The way he sees it, unless a man is caught in the act of doing something, and that something is defined as wrong by walls with no cracks to squirm through, it never happened. He can convince himself of it. To Bobby Unser, truth becomes what you can get people to believe.

"Because I didn't finish high school, a lot of people think I shouldn't be smart," he says. "I am smart. I can think better than most people can think because I think all the time. At Indy I was the only motherbleeper out there that thought about that rule! I read the bleeping rulebook! I understand that bleep! *No one* is as good as me at understanding the rules and taking advantage of them."

Bulletin 27, given to the drivers before the race, says a driver leaving the pits under the yellow must position himself behind a "pack up." "Pack up" isn't defined. Unser defined for himself what a pack up was not: nine strung-out cars. It was an intelligent assumption and a legitimate loophole. Still, USAC would have been able to enforce the one-lap penalty had it been assessed on the spot; when Chief Steward Tom Binford decided the situation was too confusing for him to figure out until after the race, he handed Unser his case. The appeals panel changed the sentence, not the verdict,

continued

The whirlpool in Unser's Albuquerque home bubbles away the wear and tear of 34 years of racing.

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because Binford hadn't taken immediate action.

It was all completely unnecessary, of course. The edge Unser gained by passing those cars was insignificant; leading in the fastest car, he had the race under control anyhow. He had courted trouble.

"A race driver is a highly tuned athlete," he says when it is suggested that the pass was a dumb move. "I'm wired for sound. I'm like a goddamn razor in that car. It is my natural instinct to do the things that I do. There are things that I can't stop. It's just not within my personality, it's not within my training, my upbringing, my nature . . . to be able to deviate. I didn't even know what I did wrong after the race. I didn't even remember *passing* the cars."

Unser was explaining this one afternoon last August, four weeks before the panel's decision. He was driving to the Colorado Rockies for four days of off-road riding and varmint shooting, his annual vacation of sorts and the closest he comes to relaxing. His foot was on the floor of the motor home, the engine so strained that the air conditioner's breath was being sucked right out of it. Tensed on the dashboard and howling was Cosworth, a Siamese cat Unser has attempted to train as if it were a dog. Towed by the motor home was an (unlicensed) trailer carrying Unser's turbocharged VW buggy and a new Honda XR500 dirt bike. As Unser crossed the double yellow to pass an old pickup truck he was yelling at Jackie Stewart, who was probably in Switzerland, where he lives.

Stewart was the ABC color commentator for the '81 500; he had called attention to the pass and had babbled speculatively about it. Unser's voice cracked as he shouted over the 75-mph wheezing of the motor home. "All that bull about me being tired and knowing better!" he cried. "*He* never read the bleeping rulebook. Primarily because of Jackie Stew-

art, I was crucified, found guilty and treated like a convict, when in fact I had done nothing wrong!"

It was startling how easily Unser lost his cool, how he talked himself into a red-faced rage. Race drivers are supposed to be cool. Unser's own image has been that of a man with nerves like icicles. But inside, he has never been tranquil. "I used to get the dry heaves before a race all the time," he admits

The Indy affair gave him an ulcer. He has Valium to take with his stomach pills to calm himself down. The very idea: a race driver needing Valium! It's astounding.

"I am the way I am, and I can't change that," he says. "I've tried, I've tried many times. My stomach is *bad*. It all happened after Indy. It finally got the best of me. I've got to change my life some way. If I keep going like this, I'm not going to be worth a damn to anybody. I work myself to death, that's my big problem. Every time I cut out one thing, I go find two more things to do.

"I have no slow days in my life. There is no such thing as a slow day in the life of Bobby Unser. I was trained to go fast, and I will go fast until the day I die."

It was the realization of what he was doing to his stomach—his *life*—that caused him to announce a cutback in October. Next season Unser's only definite race will be the 500; he will be driving for Roger Penske again. In the rest of the Indy-car races he will manage Josele Garza, the wealthy young Mexican who was Indy's Rookie of the Year in 1981. Unser will operate the team—Unser/Garza Racing—out of the shop on Route 66 that his father built 40 years ago. He considers this cutting back, though he acknowledges that switching from driver to manager may turn out to be a good example of cutting out one thing and finding two more things to do.

When Penske, Indy-car racing's most

continued

Officially the car is called a Penske, but Unser likes to think of the PC-9B as his own creation.

successful owner, with four seasonal championships in the last five years, hired Unser in 1978, it appeared to be a mismatch. Penske is as controlled as the perfect creases in his slacks. Unser is as loose as a snake. He quit his first day on the job. But that evening Penske and Unser talked, and they realized that beneath their contrasting styles they had a common attitude: to work as hard as necessary to win. Odd couple that they were, in three years together they acquired a solid respect for each other and became the fastest combination in racing. Says Unser, "After 33 damn years, I finally found the answer to happiness and success in racing: Roger Penske. The man doesn't care what I do. All I have to do is what comes natural and is the easiest for me: make speed."

With Penske, Unser proved that if he is given his own way, he's the best development driver in Indy-car racing. Geoff Ferris, Penske's talented English designer—Unser calls him "Pencil"—drew winning cars on paper, but a lot can be lost in the translation from blueprint to racetrack. Finishing a race car is a driver's job, and not many can do it well. The 1979 PC-7 (the PC stands for Penske Cars) began shakily—Penske was ready to write it off, in fact—but Unser persevered and turned it into a winner. Penske says Unser is the key to his Indy-car victories since 1979—22 in all—even though 10 of them have been by Unser's teammate, Mears. "For every dollar I've invested in that man, he's brought me back two," says Penske.

The Unsers tour Chama, N. Mex. in a turbocharged dune buggy.

Last winter Unser decided he could test race-car aerodynamics—nothing less than a full-fledged engineer's domain—without a wind tunnel, by using scale models and a flow bench, which is a device about the size of a small desk normally used to test cylinder-head and valve design. He stayed up nights in the shop off Route 66, working like a mad scientist. It seemed like a crazy notion to Penske, but Unser badgered him until he agreed to come to Albuquerque for a sales pitch. Late one night Penske, on his way to L.A., dropped his Lear down in Albuquerque to catch Unser's midnight demonstration. Penske left at 3 a.m., shaking his head. But Unser, of course, had persuaded him to finance the rest of the project. The method worked. "That's my race car," Unser says of the PC-9B that won the '81 Indy. "I invented that bleeper, and I'm proud of it."

His respect for Unser notwithstanding, Penske sometimes has the same trouble communicating with him that everyone else does. So he often uses Marsha, whose path to the outside world has fewer brick walls along it. Marsha can both get the message and deliver it. What makes her valuable to Unser is her ability to deal with him, and what makes her special to him is her ability to tolerate him.

They met in a Phoenix bar in 1973. She was an art teacher in a Phoenix junior high school. She asked for his autograph on a cocktail napkin for one of her students. He persuaded her to dance with him first. During the dance he found out that she wasn't serious about anyone. When he phoned her later, he said, "This is your new boyfriend, Bobby." "Bobby who?" she said. He wouldn't take no over the phone, so she wrote him a letter calling him egotistical, self-centered and a male chauvinist. He booked her a flight to Albuquerque for a date. She went, wondering why. He put her on a dirt bike, and she fell off and landed on a snake. He watched and laughed. They drove up to his ranch in Chama, where he introduced her to "dune buggies, guns, chili and varmints." They had a wonderful time for five days. Two weeks later he called and said, "Quit teaching. You belong where I want you."

So Marsha moved to Albuquerque. With two divorces and four children behind him, Unser was wary of marriage, so they lived together—maybe the only "liberal" thing he has done in his life. Nearly four years later, in 1976, came a surprise marriage—as in surprise party—for Marsha. They were in Las Vegas. Unser hailed a cab, and he and Marsha went to the municipal building for a license. They went back to their hotel and into a

suite complete with judge, champagne, cake and photographer.

What other women might find demeaning, Marsha accepts with a superhuman equanimity. She only quivers when Unser is at his worst. She says, "He's got so many other wonderful qualities that I can overlook the impatience and temper tantrums."

Unser was first married when he was 20 and still had two years left to serve in the Air Force. His wife, Barbara, was 18; she helped support them by singing with bands at clubs around Albuquerque. When Bobby was discharged they lived in a converted roadside café on the site where Al's house now stands. She quit singing—Unser says she was good enough to have really made it—when Bobby Jr. was born, soon followed by Cindy.

They were divorced in 1966. Three months afterward Unser, then 32, married Norma Davis, 22, the daughter of a local Mexican-American rancher. "I was constantly falling in love down in Mexico," he says. "That first year at the Mexican road race I wanted to elope with a girl. God, she was beautiful. She didn't even speak English, which was probably the best thing I had going for me. But Daddy stopped that deal. He told me if I married her, I could say goodby to racing any of his cars ever again."

In two years Norma bore him Robby, now 14, and Jeri, 12. Robby's was a difficult delivery. Norma was sick all night in the hospital. Bobby crawled in bed with her, refusing the nurses' orders to leave, and cried when Robby was finally born in the morning.

"I loved Bobby fast and furious," says Norma, and it may be an understatement. She is as mercurial as he, and jealous as well; the divorce and subsequent suits she brought took 2½ years to decide—nearly as long as the marriage. An early court decree would have wiped Bobby out. He fought it—dancing around a jail sentence for contempt—to the New Mexico Supreme Court, where he finally got his way. Although Norma receives no alimony, she did get a lump sum settlement and Bobby helps support the kids. Incredibly, Bobby and Norma are still close. When asked why, they give the same answer: He/she is the father/mother of my children.

Unser does have a way about him, even if one has to look to find it. Mostly

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he loses his temper only with those he loves, and the burst can be as brief as one or two sentences. He has many friends, and in his own way is generous to them. His door is always open. His little commands—he gives them to everyone, including brother Al—his arranging and dictating everything, including other's likes and dislikes, can have the effect of making one feel Unser has taken one under his wing. A sign of his fondness for someone is to set him up. Marsha might have known he was crazy about her when he laughed as she and the snake lay pinned under the dirt bike. One year, practicing before the Pikes Peak race, Louie was driving on the brink of disaster, letting the wheels of his car flirt with the precipices. Other drivers were worried about him. They suggested to Bobby that he have a word with his brother. Bobby's "word," right before the start, was, "Bet you $50 you can't get through the first five turns without backing off." Louie set a class record on a wild run.

Unser doesn't like to be alone. He needs people around him—not admirers, just company. Marsha calls him an "endless chatterbox." He's always persuading people to hang around, not to go. Once he crashed at a race in Phoenix and was taken to the hospital with a broken collarbone, broken ribs and a broken ankle. He made Marsha climb into the bed with him and squeezed her so hard she bruised. When he fell asleep at 3:30 a.m., she slipped out of bed for a break. "You left me alone," he said when she returned, feeling so betrayed he ordered her home to her mother. An hour later he called her back—she had never left the hall outside his room—and apologized and gave her a diamond wristwatch.

The crashes have taken their toll, though for 34 years of aggressive race driving it might have been much higher. One of the mementos in Unser's house, hanging on his office wall, is a savagely twisted steering wheel, removed from the car that slid under a guardrail at Phoenix; he had come within a whisker of being decapitated. He has a slight tightness about one eye, a reminder of the time when he drove a go-kart into a brick wall early in his career. At first there was extensive facial paralysis. He doesn't recall the exact number of times his legs have been broken: He constantly rubs them with DMSO and drives his Bronco or buggy when elk hunting because the legs won't carry him. He has recently begun using a foam neck brace when he races—only macho ego prevented him from using it earlier. "I can't tell you how much my neck has hurt me for the last 10 years," he says somewhat sheepishly. "I just got so old I finally had to admit I couldn't hold my neck up in the race car anymore."

An essential item in Unser's travel kit is a hand-tooled folder containing his gold sheriff's badge.

He may sometimes feel his 47 years, but he rarely shows them. His pace still would drive most 20-year-olds into the ground. He weighs 165, not much more than he did at 17, and he eats like a teenager, despite the ulcer. He sometimes has torrid green chili for breakfast—from the cafe up Route 66—and given a dinner of roast chicken with a cream puff for dessert, he may push the chicken aside and eat the cream puff.

He believes it's the sunken whirlpool in his house that keeps him upright. He thinks it's added three years to his career, and, if he can, he heads straight for it the morning after a race. There, submerged to his chin, he stares into the eyes of a polar bear. The huge white rug is a souvenir of a contest between Unser and A.J. Foyt. It was really only Unser's contest, though; he went to Alaska for the bear when he heard A.J. had shot one.

"Foyt announced his was an 11-footer," says Unser, "which I figured was a bunch of b.s., but I didn't know for sure. I

Bobby's flare-ups frequently singe his family: At a race in Riverside, Calif., Bobby Jr. caught it.

couldn't gamble. I told the guides, 'I want nothing less than an 11½-footer.' We must have passed up 50 bears in our airplane. We'd buzz a polar bear, and I'd say, 'No, that one's too small.' We had to fly damn near to Russia to find it. There's this circle you're not supposed to fly above, and we were so far above it, it wasn't funny. I finally got that dude, though. It's an 11½-footer."

There is nobody Unser would rather beat at something than Foyt—brother Al comes a close second—but even where there's no Foyt to one-up, life is a contest to Bobby. There is more to it than the athlete's normal competitiveness; he uses the word "contest" frequently, with varied applications, and many of his contests exist only in his mind. He won't let Marsha socialize with the other wives at the races because he figures their gossip is a contest among them, and what she might hear might be damaging to him in his contest with her. Tell him he can't do something—such as train Cosworth the cat to roll over, fetch and speak—and it becomes a contest.

On his off-road vacation to the Rockies, every hill becomes a contest for his buggy. Once a boulder by the trail caught his attention. It weighed hundreds of pounds. There was no reason to do anything at all about it, but that rock sitting on the ground bothered Unser: It was as if he saw it defying him to move it. After half an hour of tugging and pushing and grunting and cursing—and snarling at Robby for not doing his part—the boulder crashed down the hill spectacularly, and Unser went on his way, satisfied he had won another contest. It seemed such an apt metaphor for the compulsive stubbornness that rules his life.

Throughout Unser's house there are portraits of him. And his name is painted, printed and stenciled all over the place: on the front door, the side door, the fireplace, the mailbox, the pickup truck door, the buggy's windshield, all the toolboxes, in three places on the Honda. When Marsha answers the phone she doesn't say "hello," but "Bobby Unser's." He says mail addressed simply "Bobby Unser, New Mexico" will reach him. "This isn't immodesty, but reality," he says. And it isn't really egotism, but pride in the name and what it stands for, which is what he has accomplished. As with privileges, not because he is Bobby Unser, but because he made himself Bobby Unser.

The Unsers and their family trophy trove in 1955: from left, Al, Louie, Dad, Bobby and Jerry.

He also has put his name on both his sons—*that* is egotism. Bobby Jr., called Junior, is 25; Robby is 14. Having used up his name on his two boys, he named his fourth child, daughter Jeri, after his father. Jeri is dark and pretty and she adores her father, though he doesn't claim to know much about raising girls. Then there is Little Al, Al's son. At 19 he is the SCCA Gold Cup Series champion and the hottest young driver in the country. "He wakes up in the morning and it's *there*," says Bobby. "You can't stop it. Al can't believe it himself. When you find one like that he ought to be gold-plated."

Having the name Bobby Unser stamped on him is something of a curse for Junior. It pressures him into trying to be something he wasn't really cut out to be: a race driver. Broad-shouldered, square-jawed, curly haired and easy-going, Junior looks more like a rodeo cowboy than a race driver. At the races he looks as if he'd rather be somewhere else, his heart doesn't seem to be in it.

To be sure, Junior is a good driver, but if your name is Unser, merely good isn't enough. There is a doghouse behind the shop that says "Junior" over the door, which is his lot in life. When Bobby and Barbara got divorced Junior was 12, and Barbara got custody. "She joined the country club when she remarried, and that's where Junior went wrong," says Bobby. "She made me a penalty box. The only time Junior came to see me was when he was being punished."

Genes might have had more to do with

continued

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You see, your Big "I" Independent Agent doesn't work for just one company. He represents several. So he can weigh the facts and give you expert advice on the best coverage at the best price. And that goes for homeowners, automobile, business, life and health insurance.
Before you reach a verdict about your insurance, get the facts. See your Big "I" Independent Agent. He's the more-than-one-company agent.
You'll find the Independent Insurance Agent nearest to you listed in the Yellow Pages right under the Big "I" symbol.
YOUR Independent Insurance AGENT
SERVES YOU FIRST
THE MORE-THAN-ONE-COMPANY INSURANCE AGENT.
If you're an insurance agent who is not an IIAA member, there are 34 compelling reasons why it could pay you to be one. For more information call toll-free (800) 221-7917 at any hour. In Alaska, Hawaii and New York call (212) 285-4280 collect.

Junior's "going wrong" than country clubs, however, he showed more of his mother's interest in music than his father's in racing. He played drums in a rock 'n' roll band, then grew long hair and began smoking marijuana, which was more than enough for Bobby to decide to have nothing much to do with him for nine years. "When he was a teenager all he did was pop them pills, smoke that wacky terbacky and pound on them drums," says Unser.

Six years ago Bobby Jr. told his father he was ready to give up rock 'n' roll for racing. Bobby Sr. said O.K., but like everything, it would have to be on his terms: Work 20 hours a day at it, for starters. "Junior is only an average race driver," he says. "That's all he'll ever be. But he can get better if he works at it. I didn't have any natural talent when I was young, but I made it out of sheer stubbornness. He can make it, but he's not stubborn enough yet. He can make it."

Robby is the favored son for two reasons: He follows his father's orders, and he loves to race. He sleeps in a bed shaped like a race car, on which the name BOBBY UNSER appears in the form of a racing decal. The bedroom is crowded with his father's and uncle's trophies and racing photos—and the omnipresent portrait—as well as trophies of his own. He's been racing karts since he was seven, and he wins so much it's overkill. "That Robby is hungry," says Unser with pride. "He don't think you ought to do anything but win."

One night late last summer, Bobby went to the kart races at the Albuquerque dirt track with Robby. It was the season finale, and Robby would clinch the year's championship that night. But it was an evening of remarkable irony. There was a crash on the third lap of the main event and the yellow flag came out. After starting near the rear of the field Robby had passed five karts on that lap, but a rule stipulated that the drivers must take up the positions they held on the lap before a yellow—so Robby let the five karts repass him, which put him in his proper position, eighth.

Bobby, who didn't know the rule, stood at the edge of the track and shouted at Robby to move back up to third, and Robby does what his father tells him. But when he got back around to the starter, he was motioned back to eighth. So he dropped back—until he reached his father again. "I knew I was in trouble when I came around and saw Daddy gritting his teeth and waving his fist at me," he said. The yellow remained out for three or four more laps, and each time around, a confused Robby would move up when his father yelled at him and back when the starter yelled at him. When the green came out, he was in third.

He finished second, but was penalized a lap for passing under the yellow, and was officially placed eighth.

After the race Bobby yelled at Robby for driving too low on the track, "where the girls drive. What's the matter? Are you *afraid* to drive up high?" he shouted. Then he yelled at the starter for not controlling the race well enough. Then he yelled at the winner for also passing under the yellow. The winner was Robby's teammate, Danny Ranshaw, one of Bobby's own shop mechanics. Bobby had spent that afternoon working on his engine for him.

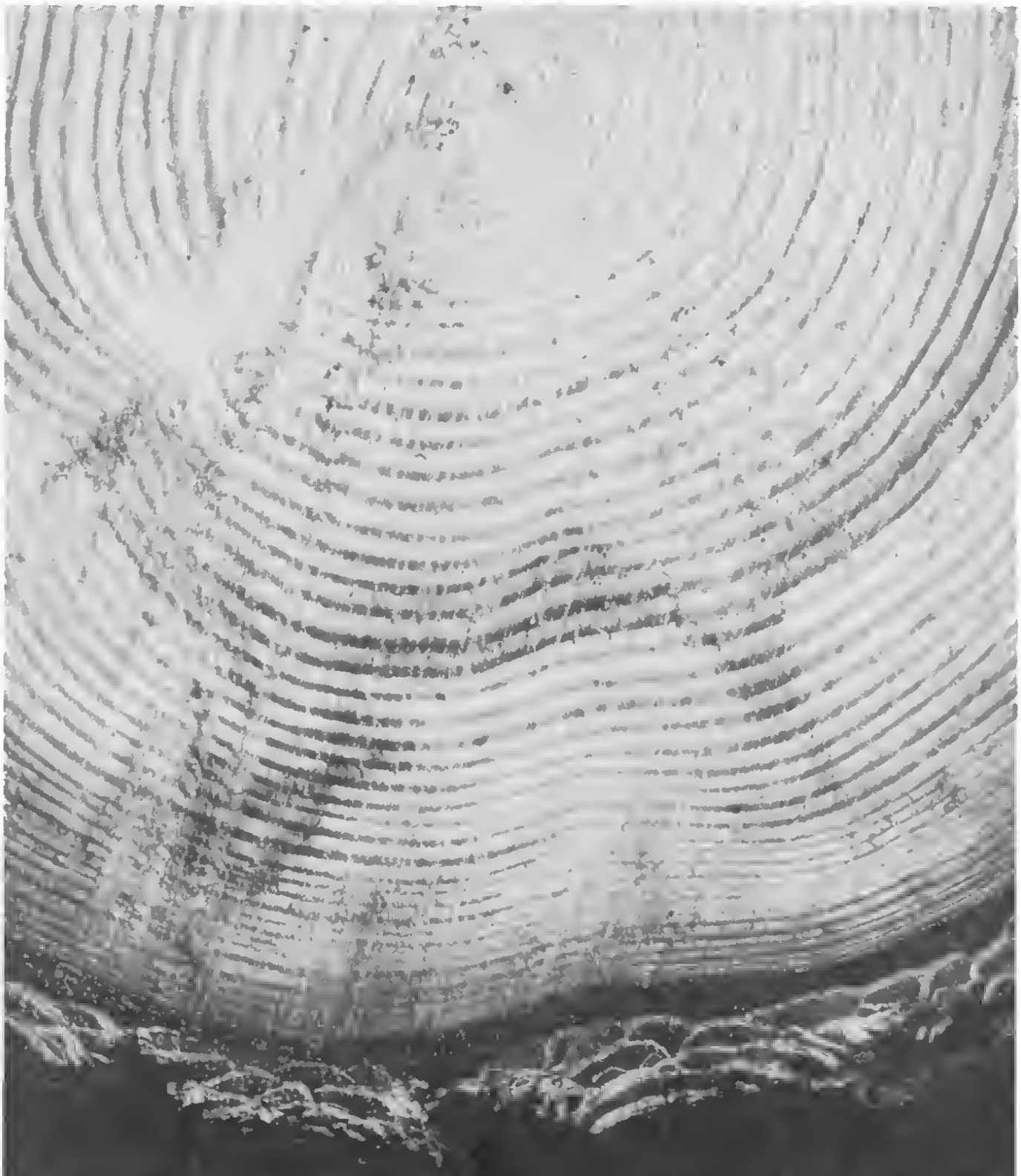
In the car on the way home, Unser was calmed down, even calling Robby "Honey." By the next day he would be cautioning Robby to be careful crossing the street. And he had forgiven Danny as well.

"Daddy hates to lose so much," said Robby that night, with his father's image staring over his shoulder. He had already handled the whole thing better than his father and was now accepting his father's weaknesses with a maturity uncommon to a 13-year-old. "He had to get mad at something. If it hadn't been those things he would have found something else. He just had to get it out of his system."

"I didn't get much sleep last night," Bobby said the next morning. "I was still running that damn kart race. It bothered me. I can't take it away. I just can't do it."

Will Bobby Unser ever get it out of his system? "I am the way I am, and I can't change that," he says. "There is no such thing as a slow day in the life of Bobby Unser. I was trained to go fast and I will go fast until the day I die." **END**

In the late '50s, Bobby attracted national attention with his spectacular style at the Pikes Peak Hill Climb.



EARTHQUAKE IS COMING. CONSULT YOUR LOCAL TREE FOR TIME AND PLACE.

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WATCH THIS T.V. SPECIAL BROUGHT TO YOU BY DISCOVER MAGAZINE.

Gulf *Sponsored by the Gulf Oil Corporation. Check your local listings for time and channel in late January.*

1982 Mazda GLC. Just one look and you

The more you look at the finest economy cars in the world, the more you like the Mazda GLC.

The Mazda GLC and the VW Rabbit are similar in many important ways. But it doesn't take long to realize that there's one essential difference between these two outstanding economy cars.

The GLC is an outstanding value.

It's also an outstanding piece of engineering. When Mazda engineers first designed the GLC, they were free to analyze existing front-wheel-drive technology. And they were free to improve it in virtually every area

The result is a car with handling, quickness and comfort that comes as a pleasant surprise to those accustomed to driving other front-wheel-drive automobiles. In plainest terms, it is an economy car that is fun to drive.

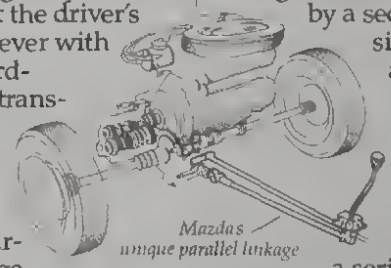
To be certain, the GLC doesn't ignore its major mission: fuel economy.

44 **34** EST hwy mpg EST mpg. In sum, the GLC was designed from scratch to represent the state of the art in front-wheel-drive technology. And fulfilling this goal was a remarkable accomplishment.

But the Mazda GLC is something rarer still: an economy car designed to stir the soul of its owner.

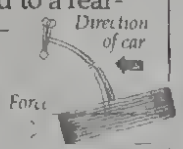
STATE-OF-THE-ART FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE. Mazda's front-wheel-drive setup is unique in many ways. For example, our engineers dealt with a problem encountered in many front-wheel-drive cars: rubbery and imprecise gear shifting. This troublesome characteristic is due to the long shift linkage required to connect the driver's gearshift lever with the forward-mounted transmission

The solution was a unique parallel linkage system in which the shift linkage rod is stabilized by a second rod situated above it. This design makes running through the gears a series of sure, crisp throws



Mazda's unique parallel linkage

EXCLUSIVE SUSPENSION DESIGN AIDS HANDLING. When the wheels of a car are subjected to a rearward force—when you go over a bump, for example—they tend to toe out. Such a change interferes with the car's stability.



Semi-trailing arm suspension showing toe out

The rear suspension of the Mazda GLC includes a patented Twin Link design whose geometry counteracts this effect. Instead of toeing out, the rear wheels of the GLC remain in a neutral position to help hold the car on track.

Mazda's exclusive Twin Link design counteracts toe out

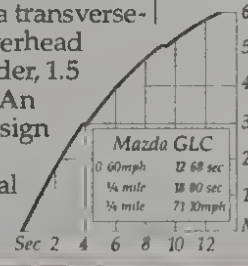
The GLC's superb handling characteristics are demonstrated by the scores it achieved in two important tests, the skidpad and the slalom course.

On the skidpad, it withstood a lateral force of .729g, and through the slalom it reached a speed of 56.2 mph.

Skidpad measures lateral g force

ce its outstanding value versus VW Rabbit.

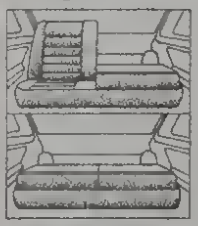
PERFORMANCE THAT MAY SURPRISE YOU.
The Mazda GLC is powered by a transverse-mounted, overhead cam, 4-cylinder, 1.5 litre engine. An advanced design engine with hemispherical combustion chambers and high swirl intake porting for efficient combustion. Put it together with the GLC's smooth shifting action, and you have the kind of acceleration that makes this economy car a lot of fun to drive.



EXCELLENT RESALE VALUE.
If you're looking for a car with high resale value, consider the history of the Mazda GLC. It has consistently ranked among the leaders in its class. For example, the 1979 GLC 3-Door Hatchback has retained 100.4% of its original suggested retail price, according to the Kelley Blue Book, Nov.-Dec. 1981.

1979 MODEL	RETAINED VALUE 80% 90% 100%
Mazda GLC Hatchback	100.4%
VW Rabbit Hatchback	88.0%
Toyota Corolla 2 Dr. Sedan	94.7%
Honda Civic 1500 Hatchback	93.2%

GLC CUSTOM COMES EXTREMELY WELL EQUIPPED.
• 1.5 litre overhead cam 4-cylinder engine • Rack-and-pinion steering



• Split fold-down rear seat backs • Power front disc brakes • 4-wheel independent suspension • Whitewall steel-belted radials • Electric rear window defroster • Cut-pile carpeting • Remote-control driver's door mirror • Tinted glass • Reclining front bucket seats • All this and more.

1982 Mazda GLC Custom $5695**

*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GLC Custom 3-door with 4-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

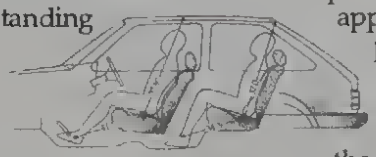
**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GLC Custom 3-door. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparisons with vehicles based on '81 tests and information. For '82 they may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.

ONE OF THE ROOMIEST CARS IN ITS CLASS.
For a car with modest dimensions on the outside, the GLC is extremely roomy on the inside.

You'll be pleasantly surprised at the generous amounts of head, leg, and shoulder room provided by the GLC. Even the rear seat, a notably cramped area in many economy cars, is unusually accommodating.

The cargo area contains over 9½ cubic feet of space. And with the rear seats folded down, it expands to 27.7 cubic feet. Outstanding for a car this size. You can even carry skis and other extra-long objects *inside* the GLC.



The GLC also has a larger window area than most of its competitors. This makes it easier for passengers to appreciate the passing scenery. And, more important, the size of the windows gives the driver 330° visibility.

mazda The more you look, the more you like.

Sideline

by JERRY MILLER

A FOUR-LETTER NOUN FOR FRATERNAL SCRABBLE EXPERT? EASY, IT'S A WADE

Bill and Tim Wade's secret weapon in the Scrabble wars is an old red cardboard box that originally contained a couple of bottles of wine.

In the box the two Scrabble experts from Muncie, Ind. have computer printouts listing all the seven-letter combinations they are likely to see on their racks and the thousands of seven-letter words, known to tournament players as "bingos," that can be made from them.

The bingo lists, the originals of which were compiled by a computer at Brown University—how they found their way into the Wades' box is the brothers' closely kept secret—have helped the Wades become two of the best Scrabble players in America in only slightly more than two years of competing in major tournaments.

Scrabble Crossword Game Players Inc., which has its national headquarters in Holbrook, N.Y., doesn't compute average scores for its 517 recognized expert players, but it says that a total of 350 to 400 points a game is the earmark of a premium player. Tim, 32, averages 400 points and Bill, 23, 450 in sanctioned club and tournament play.

They do it, they say, without spending a lot of time cramming words into their heads like students the night before a vocabulary test. "You can't learn 21,000 words, but you can learn the most common racks," says Bill.

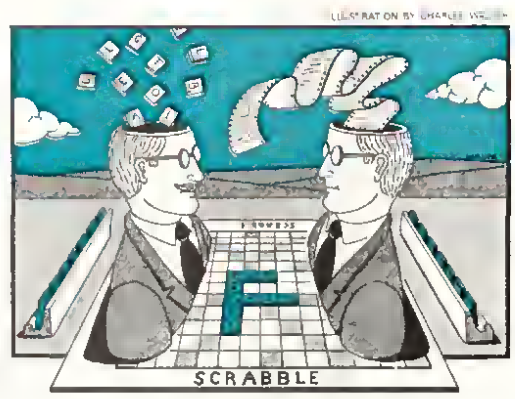
Still, the Wades say that thanks to the printouts, other word lists, flash cards and five or six practice games against each other a week, they now have about half of the 100,000 words listed in *The Official Scrabble Players Dictionary* at their command. They also know the all-important two-letter words (there are 86) and three-letter words (908) in the dictionary by heart.

Those aren't uncommon feats among the tournament Scrabble players, a curious collection of word-game fanatics who will travel hundreds of miles to spend all day or all weekend playing the game. The uncommon thing about the Wades is that they are fairly "normal," even though Scrabble often attracts players who bring to mind such seven-letter racks as *strange* and *bizarre*.

Bill is a tall, boyish graduate assistant in the mathematics department of Ball State University. Tim is shorter, darker, with a thin black mustache and a wry smile that can drive opponents to distraction. He's a bartender who moonlights as a substitute math teacher.

The brothers started playing at home against each other, but after a few years they decided to see if they were in the same league with tournament players. They were. Tim won the first tournament he entered, and Bill scored a major league 570 points in his first tournament game.

Scrabble still was little more than a game for the Wades, until Bill qualified for the North American championships in Los Angeles in 1980. "It was a joke," he says, "until I woke up and realized I had won a trip to L.A. I thought, 'Good grief, all this from a word game!' "



Bill, one of the youngest players in the North Americans, placed only 30th in a field of 32. "It didn't bother me," he says, "because I had such a good time." And he beat some of the top players. He'll get his chance to prove he can beat the rest of them in the next North American championships, tentatively scheduled for 1983 somewhere in the Midwest.

To tune up for that tournament and others, Bill and Tim will continue to lug their deluxe, plastic-gridded Scrabble boards and boxed computer lists the 40 miles to Marion, Ind. twice a month to play in a Scrabble club there. It's like a pair of Magic Johnsons coming to a schoolyard to play a little one-on-one.

"I'll bet you never saw these before," Bill told his first Marion opponent, spilling a bagful of blue letter tiles onto the table. The special blue tiles are given as prizes in big-time Scrabble tournaments, and they label a Scrabble shark the way a fancy cue in a leather case marks a pool hustler.

They have familiarized the club players with some of the more unusual words in the Scrabble dictionary. "Many of the stranger-looking words also have strange definitions, which makes them easier to remember," Bill says. Among his favorites: "fubsy," an adjective meaning pleasantly plump, and "tenesmus," a noun meaning an uncontrollable urge to urinate or defecate.

Then there are words that aren't in the official dictionary. In a recent match, Bill laid down "eanates" with a straight face. His opponent didn't challenge. "There's no such word," Bill announced after the game.

"In tournaments I think you should exploit any psychological advantage you have," he says of the tactic of playing "phonies." Indeed, in one tournament, held in the town of Delaware, Ohio in 1980, Bill won by playing nine phonies, all of which his opponent failed to challenge. "After they don't challenge the first one, they find it becomes harder and harder to challenge anything," he says.

Of course, those who live by the phony sometimes die by it. In their most recent tournament, the Indiana Open in Marion, both Wades were victimized by words that were the inventions of their opponents. Bill let "enseals" slip by, while Tim overlooked "inagile."

Those unagile oversights couldn't stop Bill from displaying championship form against the best players from a five-state area. He was the only one of 22 expert players to go undefeated through the first five games of the all-day tournament, but he lost the sixth game and the $50 first prize—on scoring margin—to Elaine Glowniak, a Detroit art student.

A loss like that isn't about to prompt the Wades to hang up their printouts. "This is a great game," Bill says. "You don't have to go out to try and kill yourself, and you can play it your whole life. We're not going to make any money from it, but we're going to keep playing." END

It's hard to believe this is the lowest-priced truck sold in America.

1982 Mazda B2000 Sundowner
$5895*

You can believe it. The Mazda B2000 Sundowner is today's lowest-priced truck. Yet it comes with an astounding number of standard features, including a 5-speed and steel-belted radials.

Not one of these features is available on Toyota's or Datsun's lowest-priced truck, each of which costs hundreds more.

Just one look inside the cab and you'll see more of the Mazda B2000's exceptional

value. There you'll find a three-passenger seat detailed in textured vinyl. New instrumentation with electronic check panel. And handsomely trimmed door panels complete with armrests.

You can also believe this truck is built to haul a heavy payload—1400 pounds of it. Even so, its 2-litre, 4-cylinder engine delivers outstanding fuel economy.

38 | **27** EST hwy mpg EST mpg

If you still find it all a little hard to believe, we invite you to visit your Mazda dealer for a close-up look at the B2000 Sundowner.

Seeing is believing.

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The more you look, the more you like.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for B2000 Sundowner Shortbed. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice. Availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features may vary. **1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for B2000 Sundowner Shortbed. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. '86 Est. hwy. mpg, 26 Est. mpg.

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Sports Illustrated

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the weeks Dec. 21-Jan. 3

Compiled by BRUCE ANDERSON

PRO BASKETBALL—A headline in the *Los Angeles Times* posed the question "Are Lakers a Better Team Without Kareem?" Of course not, answered the *Times* and others. But the issue of how good the Lakers, who were 6–0 without the injured Abdul-Jabbar would be when he returned went unanswered when the six-time league MVP appeared in a 110–90 loss to Seattle and scored 26 points. That defeat snapped the six-game win streak and gave L.A. a 17–4 mark since Magic Johnson made Coach Paul Westhead disappear. Earlier Michael Cooper had scored 56 points as the Pacific Division-leading Lakers beat Portland 124–110 and Phoenix 104–101, and, on a socks giveaway night, Los Angeles hosed San Diego by scoring its highest point total (139) of the season. Against the Clippers, rookie Forward Mike McGee, who had had only 29 career points scored a game-high 27, becoming the first non-starter to lead the Lakers in 345 games. Jamaal Wilkes scored 34 as L.A. beat Utah 121–114, despite 40 points by the Jazz's Adrian Dantley. The other division leaders were hot, too. Philadelphia of the Atlantic and San Antonio of the Midwest each lost just once, and Milwaukee of the Central lost only twice. The 76ers (5–1) could not afford to falter as second-place Boston won four of five. The Spurs, 4–1, beat San Diego 114–109 and lost to Atlanta 105–97 before George Gervin scored 46 42 and *38 points in consecutive wins over San* Diego (119–107), Houston (109–104) and Denver (148–133). Almost as soon as the Bucks, who won five of seven, got one Johnson (Marques) back from a contract holdout they lost another Johnson (Mickey) to a right knee injury. Beginning on Dec. 29, when Johnson & Johnson got together again, the Bucks increased a two-game win streak to five before losing to Denver. Golden State Coach Al Attles *became the sixth coach in NBA history to win* 500 games as the Warriors beat Dallas 119–100 and settled into a tie with Phoenix for third in the Pacific Division.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Clemson capped a 12–0 season and earned the No. 1 ranking for 1981 with a 22–15 victory over Nebraska in the Orange Bowl (*page 14*). In other postseason games, Oklahoma beat Houston 40–14 *in the Sun Bowl*; North Carolina edged Arkansas 31–27 in the Gator Bowl. Ohio State defeated Navy 31–28 in the Liberty Bowl, Mississippi State shut out Kansas 10–0 in the Hall of Fame Bowl. West Virginia beat Florida 26–6 in the Peach Bowl, Michigan defeated UCLA 33–14 in the Bluebonnet Bowl, Texas upended Alabama 14–12 in the Cotton Bowl, Penn State whipped USC 26–10 in the Fiesta Bowl, Washington beat Iowa 28–0 in the Rose Bowl, and Pitt overcame Georgia 24–20 in the Sugar Bowl.

PRO FOOTBALL—Cincinnati beat Buffalo 28–21 and San Diego held off Miami 41–38 in overtime in the AFC playoffs, while Dallas crushed Tampa Bay 38–0 and San Francisco defeated the New York Giants 38–24 in the NFC playoffs (*page 26*). The Giants had beaten Philadelphia 27–21 in the NFC wild-card game. Buffalo had edged the New York Jets 31–27 in the AFC wild-card match.

HOCHEY—Wayne Gretzky, who has done little else wrong this season, really botched up his mother's flight plans. After Gretzky scored four goals in a 10–3 rout of Los Angeles to give him 45 goals after 38 games, Phyllis Gretzky made plans to fly from her home in Brantford, Ontario to Edmonton to see the Oilers play Boston—three games down the road. She calculated that would be when Wayne would get his 50th goal. But The Kid scored five goals in his next outing, a 7–5 win over Philadelphia, to give him 50 after just 39 games and make a mockery of the 50 goals in 50 games scored by Maurice Richard in 1944–45 and Mike Bossy last season. Gretzky's father, Walter, said, "I sometimes look on him as a runaway locomotive." The train halted briefly in Vancouver, where the Oilers lost 3–1 and Gretzky went pointless for the first time in 19 games. But the Smythe Division race is as much a farce as the league scoring race—which Gretzky leads 110–69 over his nearest challenger, Quebec's Peter Stastny. The Canucks' win left second-place Vancouver 20 points behind the Oilers, who added a point to that margin when they tied Boston 4–4. Rookie Oiler Goalie Grant Fuhr ran his unbeaten streak to 20 in that game. The Bruins, who had won five straight before meeting Edmonton, then wrested the Adams Division lead from Montreal by beating Winnipeg 8–5 as Buffalo slid into second with a 3–2 win over the Canadiens. Before that, the Sabres had won three in a row, before losing 6–3 to Quebec as the Nordiques kept the Adams race a four-team affair. Minnesota led the Norris Division as they tied three and won two of six games, including a 6–2 victory at Toronto, the North Stars' first win in their last 10 road games. Chicago, which had been battling the North Stars for the division lead, lost four straight, and St. Louis capitalized on the Black Hawk slump to move into second place. The Blues won three in a row before meeting Philadelphia, which overcame a 2–0 deficit to win 5–3 and end St. Louis' club-record string of seven straight home victories. The Flyers stayed two points behind the Patrick Division-leading Islanders, who won three—but lost two, to Montreal and the Rangers.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL: St. Louis increased its Western Division lead to four games over Denver by sweeping five games. Eastern Division leader New York lost 7–4 to Pittsburgh before bouncing back with a 6–4 win over Kansas City.

NASL: Despite falling 5–4 to Tampa Bay, Tulsa remained atop the Central Division. Edmonton, with an 11–4 victory over San Jose, retained its Northwest Division lead and dropped the Earthquakes out of a first-place tie with Portland in the Western Division. The Timbers earlier had beaten both San Jose and Seattle 8–5. Toronto defeated New York 6–5 to stay atop the Eastern Division.

TENNIS—Johan Kriek beat Steve Denton 6–2, 7–6, 6–7, 6–4 to win the $448,000 Australian Open in Melbourne.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: By the New England Patriots, Coach RON ERHARDT, 49, who had a three-year record of *21–27, including 2–14 in 1981*.

NAMED: As coach of the Baltimore Colts, FRANK KUSH, 52, who guided Canadian Football League's Hamilton Tiger-Cats to an 11–4–1 record in 1981 and had a 176–54–1 mark in 21½ seasons at Arizona State. He replaced the fired MIKE McCORMACK, 51, who was 9–23 in two years with Baltimore, which lost 14 straight in 1981 between wins *in its first and last games*.

PLACED ON PROBATION: For two years by the NCAA, the University of Oregon football team for academic and other violations. The NCAA reduced the number of football scholarships Oregon can award the next two years and barred the Ducks from postseason play until 1983. Oregon also lost one basketball scholarship for the 1982-83 season *because of recruiting violations*.

REINSTATED: By The Athletics Congress, road runners PATTI CATALAND, RIC ROJAS, GREG MEYER and JOHN GLIDEWELL, who had been suspended indefinitely for accepting prize money at the Cascade Run-Off in Portland, Dec. last June. All four have turned over their prize money to TAC.

SIGNED: By the New York Yankees, free-agent Outfielder Dave Collins, 29, most recently of the Cincinnati Reds, to a three-year contract reportedly worth $2.5 million.

TRADED: By the Hartford Whalers, Center RICK MacLEISH, 32, to the Pittsburgh Penguins, for Defenseman RUSS ANDERSON, 26, and future considerations.

By the New Jersey Jets, Center BOB McADOO, 30, to the Los Angeles Lakers for a 1983 second-round draft choice and cash.

DIED: DEREK SINGLETON, 19, a top rusher for the 1981 University of Colorado football team, of complications from meningitis, in Los Angeles.

CREDITS

14-17—Heinz Kluetmeier. **18,19**—John Iacono (top) Walter Iooss Jr. (3). **20**—Manny Millan. **21**—Paul Kennady. **22,23**—Peter Read Miller (top) Andy Hayt. **24,25**—Richard Mackson. **26,27**—Ronald C. Modra (top right) Heinz Kluetmeier. **28**—Ronald C. Modra (top), Heinz Kluetmeier (2). **31**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **32**—Walter Iooss Jr. **33**—Heinz Kluetmeier (top) Walter Iooss Jr. **34**—Walter Iooss Jr. **37**—Richard Mackson. **38,40**—Andy Hayt. **41**—John Iacono. **44**—Walter Iooss Jr. (top) John Iacono. **49**—George Tiedemann. **52**—Lane Stewart (top) Tony Duffy-All-Sport. **56**—Andy Hayt. **59-61**—Tony Tomsic. **62**—Paul Kennedy. **78**—Stephen Green-Armytage (top). **91**—Manny Rubio.

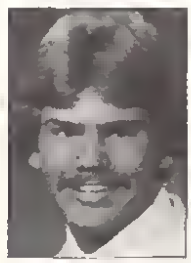
FACES IN THE CROWD

CRAIG VAN HOY
TACOMA, WASH.

Van Hoy, 23, climbed 14,410-foot Mt. Rainier in five hours and 25 minutes—one hour and 16 minutes faster than the *record set in 1959. The* route from Paradise via Camp Muir and Disappointment Cleaver usually is scaled in two days.

LISA HILYER
AUBURN, ALA.

Lisa, 14, set four national teenage powerlifting records for 14- and 15-year-old girls in the 132¼-pound class. Her winning marks came in the squat (192¾ *pounds*), bench press (110), deadlift (242½) and total poundage (534½).



RON MOYER
NOBLESVILLE, IND.

Ron, a senior quarterback, paced Hamilton Southeastern High to a 14–0 season and the Indiana Class A title with 41 TD passes, one shy of the national high school record set by Pat Haden. He completed 194 of 358 for 3,250 yards.

DENISE CARTER
CORVALLIS, ORE.

Denise, a senior, has led the Corvallis High volleyball team to 90 consecutive wins and three straight state Class AAA crowns while twice being named to the all-state tournament team. She is a two-time all-league basketball player.

CHARLES ALEXANDER
RICHMOND, VA.

CONNIE JO ROBINSON
CINCINNATI

Charles, a senior at St. Christopher's High, and Connie Jo, a senior at Reading High, won the national high school boys' and girls' cross-country titles, respectively, in Orlando, Fla. Charles covered the 5,000-meter Orlando Park course in 14:51.9, finishing four seconds ahead of Harold Kuphaldt of Fair Oaks, Calif. Connie Jo's time of 16:40.4 was 2.8 seconds better than that of the runner-up, Lois Brommer of Mechanicsburg, Pa. Both champions' times were records for the event.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SPORTSMAN

Sir,

Sugar Ray—a perfect pick (*One Life Fulfilled*, Dec. 28-Jan. 4)

BRIAN MCCARTHY
St. Louis

Sir.

Sugar Ray Leonard's boxing accomplishments, plus his artful, tasteful handling of his role as champion, certainly support his selection as SI's Sportsman of the Year.

Also, it was somewhat gratifying to note that, according to Frank Deford's article, Thomas Hearns is a good enough fighter to be acknowledged as Leonard's greatest challenge. This is a conclusion that was hard to draw from the cruel, demeaning treatment of Hearns in your articles before and after their fight.

JOHN R. WHEELER
Jackson, Mich.

Sir:

You blew it! I have nothing against Sugar Ray Leonard. He really did have a very good year. But how could you choose Leonard over John McEnroe? McEnroe had an unbelievable year. He was an underdog to Bjorn Borg at Wimbledon, but beat Borg where Borg is best. He won the U.S. Open for the third time in a row, and, finally, he led the U.S. to its Davis Cup win. His Cup final against Jose-Luis Clerc was a perfect ending to a wonderful year. I've never seen anybody play tennis the way McEnroe did in 1981. He was just phenomenal. You better make up for it with a beckuva swimsuit issue!

FRANK LEONARD
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sir:

George Plimpton's ode (*Birds Thou Never Wert*) to the imaginary "superb song swift" in the same issue only heightened my disappointment over your choice for Sportsman of the Year. For me, that perfect bird brought to mind Wayne Gretzky, hockey's perfect player in 1981, and Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett, the perfect runners of 1981 who, though they never met, repeatedly pushed each other to new heights. The selection of Gretzky or the joint choice of Coe and Ovett would have been better than picking a boxer who has learned to market himself.

ANDY SAYLOR
Telford, Pa.

DR. Z'S ALL-PROS

Sir:

Thanks to Paul Zimmerman for his accurate selection of the 1981 All-Pro team (*Dr. Z Picks the Pick of the Crop*, Dec. 28-Jan. 4). Instead of merely choosing all the old familiar names, he determined which players had really had the best year.

I was disappointed when I saw that James Lofton was the only Packer named to the Pro Bowl. Mike Douglass was overlooked, even though he is the best linebacker on one of the best linebacking crews in the NFL. I was delighted to see Dr. Z picked him. His choice of Jan Stenerud was good, too. As Zimmerman mentioned, Stenerud set a record for field-goal percentage. He didn't have as many points as other kickers because he didn't get as many PAT opportunities with the comparatively low-scoring Packers.

Traditional names will continue to reappear on All-Pro and Pro-Bowl lists unless people like Zimmerman point out the players who really had the most outstanding season.

ALAN WEYGANDT
Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

Sir:

Many thanks to Paul Zimmerman. After looking over the various All-Pro teams, I was glad to see that at least one—Zimmerman's—acknowledges the extraordinary talents of the Giants' Mark Haynes. It's hard to get interceptions, much less press clippings, when no one is throwing your way. Furthermore, no defensive back in football plays the run better.

JOHN D. SHAUGHNESSY
Brooklyn

Sir:

Just who does Dr. Z think he is? His selection of players for his All-Pro team is just that—*his*. Although I agree with some of his choices, I find others laughable, especially on defense. The Philadelphia defense was second to none—it was rated No. 1 in the NFL—so how come there were no Eagles on Zimmerman's team? No Carl Hairston, Dennis Harrison, Frank LeMaster or Al Chesley? As for Wilbert Montgomery being only the fourth choice at running back, come on! Zimmerman's first and second selections, Tony Dorsett and Billy Sims, can't compare with Montgomery when it comes to taking a good hard hit but still gaining another couple of yards. Zimmerman may be a good writer, but his All-Pro selections leave something to be desired.

ALAN J. EBY
Roslyn, Pa.

Sir:

Either Dr. Z doesn't read stats or he has never watched Atlanta's William Andrews play football. Zimmerman claims his picks of Dorsett and Sims were based on their game-breaking ability and their pass-catching skill, short or long. Andrews gained more than 1,300 yards rushing, for his third consecutive 1,000-yard season, and caught 81 passes for more than 700 yards. This makes Andrews one of only five backs in NFL history to have 2,000 or more combined yards in a season. Andrews is the best running back in the game today, period. What an injustice!

CHARLES M. YARBROUGH
Columbus, Ga.

ANDRE THE GIANT

Sir:

As a faithful reader of your magazine for more than 20 years, I want to thank you for the article on the sporting scene's eighth wonder of the world, Andre the Giant (*To the Giant Among Us*, Dec. 21). While some will argue that pro wrestling is nothing more than exhibitionism and athletic buffoonery, the feats of strength and dexterity demonstrated by wrestlers weighing 250 to 300 pounds would make their counterparts on the gridiron blush with embarrassment. As for Andre, he is everything a fan could want in a sporting hero; he always turns back his most hated rivals and comes away with victory after victory.

FRED LUPKIN
Hershey, Pa.

Sir:

Let me commend SI and Terry Todd on the fine story on Andre the Giant. As a casual observer of pro wrestling's orchestrated slapstick, I have always found Andre easy to cheer for in his struggle against "evil." He always wins but never deliberately hurts his opponent—the latter being a tactic that, inexcusably, seems to gain crowd approval when employed by other wrestlers. It's refreshing to see that in private as well as in the ring Andre is a man we can all look up to, literally and figuratively.

SNEAD HEARN
Wichita, Kans.

Sir:

Just one question, please. How could you possibly write a 13-page feature article about a practitioner of a sport that glamorizes people like Sergeant Slaughter, the Fabulous Moolah and Abdullah the Butcher?

Professional wrestling is not only fake, but it's also totally stupid. Worse yet, you give it more coverage than you do the real sport of wrestling. Last season, the Iowa Hawkeyes won their fourth consecutive NCAA wrestling title, and what did you do? You gave the story two pages in the back of your magazine. What's next? A weekly feature on women's Roller Derby?

BRIAN SHERWOOD
Carroll, Iowa

continued

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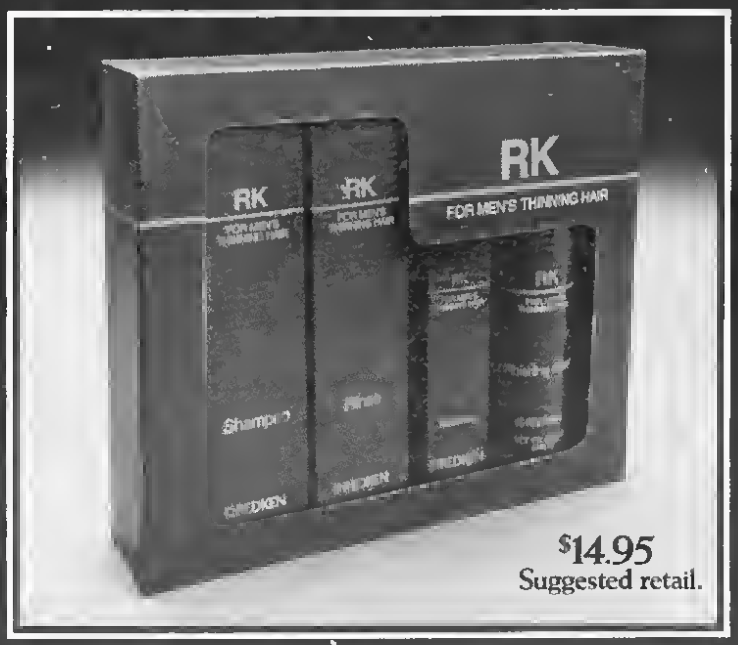

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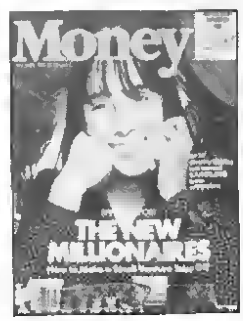

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M 52289

Sir:

In answer to the inevitable question as to whether SI should carry stories about professional wrestlers, I submit that anyone who read Terry Todd's piece as a story about a wrestler missed the point. To me, Andre Roussimoff is much less remarkable for his success in the ring than for the fact that he lives life at a pace more frantic than the majority of people could ever imagine and keeps up this pace despite the fact that his size denies him most of the comforts that we tend to take for granted. Not only does he endure, but he also seems to have maintained a decency and a concern for others that is often lacking in those who lead a much simpler life.

I have been a more-than-casual aficionado of televised wrestling for years, and the sport-or-show controversy about it long ago lost its importance in my mind. It's entertaining, and that's enough. I congratulate Todd for coming up with an interesting insight into a man who is such a major part of pro wrestling.

BILL BALDWIN
Andalusia, Ala.

Sir:

Terry Todd missed one sidelight of Andre the Giant's career. I believe that George Allen, when he coached the Washington Redskins, once gave Andre a tryout as a defensive tackle. As I recall, Andre was judged too slow and didn't make it.

GEORGE ARAPOV
Concord, Calif.

• According to Joe Blair, public relations director of the Redskins, there was talk about giving Andre a tryout in 1976, but it never happened. Andre told Todd that he chose not to risk his wrestling career—he was making more money than any lineman was earning at the time—by taking time off for a trial in a sport in which he had no guarantee of success and no previous experience.—ED

WINDS OF CHANGE

Sir:

As an avid backpacker, I enjoyed the article about survival skiing in the wilderness (*Just Blowin' in The Winds*, Dec. 14). But what impressed me most was the attention paid to leaving the environment as it was found. This is a good principle to follow for anyone who ventures into the out-of-doors. It's only too bad that the one man who is charged with protecting our natural beauty, Secretary of the Interior James Watt, seems to be more interested in fixing the plumbing than in seeing to it that Mother Nature is left well enough alone.

JUNE E. COOLEY
San Jose, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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